

TWENTY CENTS

JULY 21, 1952

FINLAND
LAND OF LAKES AND "SISU"

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



BOB MATHIAS

In the 1952 Olympics, 69 nations and a one-man track team.



One of 17 brilliant new Golden Airflyte models. Styled by Pinin Farina, this Nash Ambassador is upholstered in blue needlepoint and smart striped home-spun. Hood Ornament, White Sidewalls optional.

AS THOUGH IT WERE BUILT FOR YOU ALONE

YOU MAY, if you wish, commission Pinin Farina to design a car especially for you. Many famous people do so, and gladly pay his \$15,000 to \$25,000 price.

But now all his genius, all the beauty of his styling are *yours*—in the Nash Golden Airflyte!

It's as though this exciting car were built for you alone. The swift, clean "continental look" . . . the greatest eye-level visibility you ever enjoyed! And inside, so many new ideas. The widest seats in ANY car . . . seats that recline . . . seats that can be made into beds. A safety-designed cowl.

Beneath the hood is Super Jetfire power—even more spectacular than the Nash engine which broke last year's stock-car record! Handling ease is almost unbelievable.

Best of all, as the pleasant years go by, you will discover that its lovely "feel" is built in to stay. It alone has Airflyte Construction to keep it quiet as new *as long as you drive it*.

Is it any wonder that the Nash Golden Airflyte has had the greatest reception in our fifty-year history? Come in and drive it for a completely new idea of fine car excellence!

Nash Motors, Div. Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

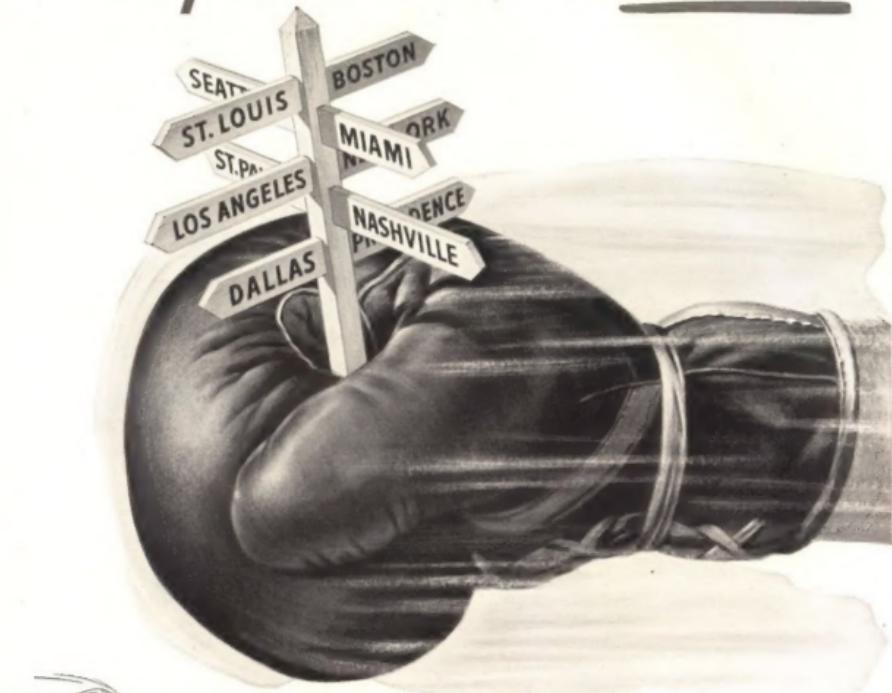


THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN • THE RAMBLER

The Finest of Our Fifty Years

Mile after mile ...

Sky Chief PACKS PUNCH!



Sky Chief makes the difference.

And Volatane Control means that volatility and octane are scientifically balanced. That's why *Sky Chief* gives you extra "Go" in your get-a-ways... and why you can glide through traffic and ease up hills with smooth, surging power. In fact *Sky Chief* feels like the power of an extra motor. Fill up with *Sky Chief* at your Texaco Dealer — the best friend your car ever had.

... and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.



THE TEXAS COMPANY TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

Only STEEL can do so many jobs



COLUMBIA COLOSSUS. Here's the Grand Coulee Dam, one of man's most daring attempts to change the face of Nature. The tiny fan of pipes (12 feet in diameter) in the center of the picture is where water is pumped 280 feet out of the Columbia River to irrigate 1,029,000 acres of central Washington. The reservoir in the background is the Grand Coulee, the ice-age channel of the Columbia River. United States Steel supplied a great deal of the steel and cement used in constructing this breath-taking contribution to America's growth.

so well



ABANDONED BY U. S. FORCES in the Solomon Islands, this Witte diesel engine made by U. S. Steel lay forgotten in the jungle mud for five long years before a missionary recently discovered it. He removed the accumulated mud, filled its tanks with fuel and water — and the engine started at the first attempt and has been running dependably ever since.



NEW IDEA in light and heat control. These window louvers of U-S-S Stainless Steel in a modern office building permit easy and effective control of light and heat that enter a room through windows. Highly reflective, they reduce the load on air conditioning equipment. (The handrail is of Stainless Steel, too.)



BLOOD BANK. This refrigerator for blood storage is made of U-S-S 17 Stainless Steel, a straight-chromium grade that contains no scarce nickel but is unsurpassed for cleanliness, good looks and durability. To keep enough blood on hand for the Armed Forces, the Red Cross needs 300,000 pints a month. If you haven't given blood recently to help save a life, do so now.

EVERWHERE YOU TURN, you see overwhelming evidence of the fact that only steel can do so many jobs so well. Whether in the wafer-thin tin-plate of your child's water-color paint box, or the massive structural framework of mighty bridges and skyscrapers, steel has proved itself the metal that best combines strength, long life, good looks, low price, and unlimited versatility.

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In 1951, United States Steel and approximately 80 other steel-producing companies in America poured 105,134,553 tons of steel ingots and castings... 17.3 million tons more than the annual average production of World War II. Total annual capacity is rising toward an expected 120 million tons sometime in 1953.



This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

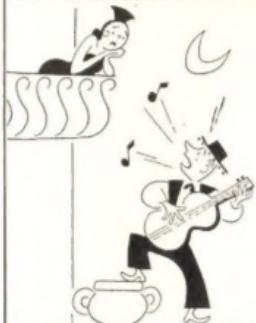
UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

AMERICAN BRIDGE..AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE..COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL..CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL..GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING..NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY..TENNESSEE COAL & IRON..UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS..UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY..Divisions of UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH
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LETTERS

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HERE



NURSERYMEN



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'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
for HOME OR
BUSINESS
NEEDS

Horse Trader & Broker

Sir:

As I reach legal voting age, I am at a loss to understand . . . the dangerous and deplorable electoral system in this country which allows one individual to control, swing or influence such a large bloc of delegates that he could theoretically personally choose the next President.

Without casting any aspersions on such leaders as Governor Fine of Pennsylvania [TIME, June 30], Senator Knowland of California and others who have strong political leverage, I only wish to suggest that it would invoke an almost superhuman strength of character for an individual in such a political position to act solely for the best interests of the American people . . .

ANN DAMSBO

Escondido, Calif.

Sir:

... Your otherwise excellent reporting of Pennsylvania politics implies that it is a pretty dirty business, yet John S. Fine and politicians like him render a valuable service, i.e., as political brokers and as negotiators of various conflicting interests vying for recognition in the governmental process . . .

DEAN R. CRESAP

Palo Alto, Calif.

Taft, Ike & More Arithmetic

Sir:

The June 30 article, "Taft, Ike & Arithmetic," is indeed clever and even superficially convincing. The purpose of this letter, however, is to indicate how simple it is to do a bit of figure juggling, with no more violence to the probable facts of the matter than your own, and arrive at a considerably less dramatic disparity in the convention delegate strength of Taft and Eisenhower in the hard-core Republican and in the doubtful states. TIME's figures are apparently based in considerable measure on the most recent off-year congressional election, which is a most doubtful bit of evidence upon which to rely, since such an election almost always goes against the party in power. My own arithmetic is based largely on the last presidential election, attention to party affiliation of present governors, Senators and Representatives.

In 1948 the states of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin, which TIME lists in the hard-core group of Republican

states, all went to Truman. These states have a liberal sprinkling of Democratic governors, Senators and Representatives. Is it then safe to conclude, as does TIME, that these states are part of the Republican hard core? If the convention strength of these states is shifted to the third or doubtful group, then Taft has 193 and Eisenhower 258 from this doubtful group.

With respect to the doubtful group, the states of New Jersey, Oregon, and Pennsylvania all went to the Republicans in 1948, and the chances are they will again in 1952. Leaving out the undecided convention votes in Pennsylvania and moving this group of states to the hard-core group, where they may more properly belong, this makes the doubtful states read as follows: Taft 185 and Eisenhower 196. This shifting around also strikes a much more even balance between Taft and Eisenhower in the hard-core Republican states: Eisenhower 130 and Taft 92. The above analysis, if nothing else, shows the very real difficulty involved in attempting to make out an invincible case for Eisenhower as the strongest candidate in the doubtful states which will decide the election . . .

HUGH ROSS

Golden, Colo.

Sir:

... Of all the misleading, slanted, self-serving, statistical mumbo-jumbos, pp. 13-15, TIME, June 30, stand as a monument . . .

J. H. HENNESSY JR.

Springfield, Ohio

Sir:

Shame on you! I thought TIME never made loose statements, but . . . that article states that "among the practical politicians of the battleground states, Eisenhower has few, if any, old friends, and Taft has many. But the desire for victory in 1952 is apparently stronger than friendship." Below that statement you show a delegate line-up, including 85 New York delegates (of 86 committed) for Ike, and 29 Massachusetts delegates (of 32), also for Ike.

You have apparently forgotten that New York and Massachusetts are the respective stamping grounds of two Eisenhower strongmen, T. E. Dewey and H. C. Lodge. The 114 Ike delegates from these two states comprise just five shy of one-half the Ike delegates in that table.

Do you imply that Dewey and Lodge are

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July 21, 1952

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Number 3

TIME, JULY 21, 1952

A voice out of the past . . . Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—

"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—

by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.



triumphs. Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history.

Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Love Comes to Helena, Age 7

This is Helena and her doll. Her eyes shine with awe and wonder. But, she dreams. Her clothes are no longer rags . . . her feet no longer unshod. She cannot for the moment remember that her father was killed in the fighting in Greece in 1947, or that her mother starved to death. Nor, can she remember the heat in the summer or the cold in the winter, as she lives in her primitive little hut with earthen floor and roof. Perhaps her next meal, a scrap of bread, will be today or tomorrow. For now she only knows love . . . so much love for just a doll. Won't you let her love you too?

It is hard to believe that children like Helena live in such deep misery. The war still goes on for them . . . your help can mean love and security and finally rehabilitation. The Plan is dedicated to Peace in a world where our children will have to live with these children . . . we need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging.

The Plan is non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please and let some child love you?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax 15th Anniversary Year—1937-1952

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc. 55 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry Le Sueur, Ned Calmer, Senator and Mrs. Paul Douglas.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC.

55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

In Canada: P.O. Box 65, St. Laurent, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex _____ I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be made monthly (), quarterly (), yearly (). I enclose herewith my first payment _____.

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____ DATE _____

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

Check here for W-3
LO. 4-6647 (T-52)

not "practical politicians"? Certainly they are good friends of Ike, and powerful ones at that.

JIM HOLLAND

Chicago

There'll Always Be a G.O.P.

Sir:

I feel this talk of "now or never" for the Republican Party is unfortunate. If the Republicans lose the coming election, we are told, it will cease to exist.

Let's be logical about this. How many Republican Senators and Representatives will there be in Washington even if the Democrats win in a landslide? If the two-party system is "wiped out," what will become of these orphaned politicians? Obviously, it is not going to be wiped out; obviously, there will always be an opposition party.

I think what they are saying is that one more defeat will spell the end of the "old guard" as a directing force in the party. I think this is correct, and as it should be. Perhaps the voters of America will have to tell the Republicans how they feel about the matter if the G.O.P. fails to observe current trends in the world . . .

The Democratic Party with a moderately conservative candidate like Stevenson will make the Landon defeat look like a moral victory . . .

JOHN A. MACGAHAN

Chicago

Groans for a Groaner

Sir:

I am writing for a group of "aging" college girls—19 to 22 years old.

When Bing Crosby played an exhibition golf match [here] for charity, we were on the Junior Committee.

If only some of our brash young entertainers would take a leaf out of his book! He is the most enchanting, modest, literate, charming, patient, lovable gentleman in show business today, and he wasn't wearing his toppers either!

If you ever dare to call him an aging [48] groaner [TIME, June 30] again, we'll cancel our subscriptions!

HELENE STRATFORD

Roanoke, Va.

Sweeps, Double & Triple

Sir:

Re June 30 issue, you comment concerning the golden jubilee race of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association: "Then it was up to the varsity (Navy) to duplicate the 'sweep of the river' achieved only by the West Coast's perennial powerhouse, Washington."

I was one of those who watched Cornell "sweep the river" in like manner back in 1903, and got a great thrill out of it . . . Shades of Courtney, Cornell's erstwhile unbeatable coach!

EDWIN N. FERDON, '03

Coshocton, Ohio

¶ The late great "Pop" Courtney's freshman and varsity crews did indeed "sweep the river," eight times between 1896 and 1912. But sweeps achieved by Washington in 1936, '37, '48 and '50, which Navy duplicated this year, were triple victories. Prior to 1914 there were no jayvees at the annual regatta.—ED.

Ruthlessness in Colombia

Sir:

Your shocking June 30 account of how Roman Catholics have killed Colombian Protestants makes one wonder why the hierarchy would censor Communists for murdering Catholic priests, nuns and laity in Chi-

Dried herring and quick thinking!



... 5 minutes out of Garnett, Kansas, back in '87. All quiet in the Express car—til the train lurched and the bear crashed through his cage. I left fast! I told the conductor the story . . . he was all for shooting the bear. But after some fast talking, he agreed to let me handle things. Soon as we stopped, I lit out for a drug store—worrying about the mess that bruin was making of my Express shipments.

"When I got back, there was the bear quietly chewing celery and dried herring. And he hadn't touched another thing. He didn't mind a bit when I eased a chloroform-soaked sponge under his nose. Soon he was sleeping peacefully in his reinforced cage . . . and we were on our way again.

"That trip taught me and the company our lesson about how to ship big animals. The company acted fast. New rules on handling animals came out *in a hurry!* That's the kind of action Railway Express takes to make sure every customer's shipment gets handled with the best of care."

Bears, bolts or buttons—Railway Express gives everything safe, swift service. And when you use "Express", you pay only one charge for this complete service—

- * no size or weight limits on shipments
- * pickup and delivery, within prescribed vehicle limits, in all cities and principal towns
- * you can ship collect, prepaid, or paid-in-part
- * liberal valuation allowance
- * receipt to shipper, one from receiver
- * you can ship by either rail or air

Compare this service with any other . . . It'll pay you to specify Railway Express.



* Based on Railway Express records.

ALWAYS ASK THE EXPRESS MAN

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES



An early iron forge



THE IRONMASTERS OF Ringwood



ablest ironmasters made Ringwood Manor their home. The detailed history of the mines begins in 1764 with the colorful Peter Hasenclever who reputedly employed servants to carry his wife's train and a band to serenade him while he dined. Under his management Ringwood became an important part of the first large-scale development of the iron industry in this country. Recently the Ringwood mines again were opened, becoming the oldest working iron mines in the United States.

Robert Erskine, a later ironmaster, supplied the continental army with iron in various forms. Associated with Ringwood during his incumbency were several devices with which attempts were made to prevent the British from coming up the Hudson. Iron for the first chain used to obstruct that waterway came from Ringwood, and it is believed that some of the iron for the West Point chain, the only successful obstruction, was a product of the Ringwood mines.

Ringwood's most celebrated proprietor was Peter Cooper who bought the property in 1853, the year The Home was founded. A man of many talents, he built the famous locomotive Tom Thumb, promoted the first transatlantic cable with Cyrus W. Field, and was a Greenback candidate for President. His partner and son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, one of the last of Ringwood's ironmasters, served several terms in Congress and was mayor of New York.

The manor house was built by ironmaster Martin Ryerson after an earlier dwelling was destroyed, probably by fire, in 1807. Now owned by the State of New Jersey, it is open to the public as a museum.

The Home, through its agents and brokers, is America's leading insurance protector of American homes and the homes of American industry.

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na. Is ruthlessness less sinful when inspired by a church than when it is meted out by a godless Communist state?

(THE REV.) E. MARCELLUS NESBITT
First United Presbyterian Church
Beaver, Pa.

Sir:
... Does not the Vatican have it in its power to either stop such persecution or excommunicate those who perpetrate and encourage such acts?

HERBERT L. WOOLF JR.
Piedmont, Ala.

Sir:
... It is the obligation of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States to unequivocally denounce such barbaric action perpetrated in the name of the Prince of Peace. If America is to defeat the forces of oppression and tyranny, then both Catholics and Protestants must present a united front against the agents of persecution, be they ecclesiastical or political. Let us hope that the Roman Catholics in the United States will repudiate this brutality in Colombia with actions as well as words.

C. E. LANGE

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sir:
Why do not our Protestant clergy spend their missionary zeal amongst the unbaptized and impoverished peoples of the world, instead of representing their nation and their faith in a country which is as predominantly Christian as is their own?

MRS. F. W. SHEA

Seattle

Sir:
The news of the difficulties encountered by Protestants in Colombia brings to mind my experience as a missionary to Colombia for the Episcopal Church from 1944-47.

In a conversation with the ambassador of the United States (Arthur Bliss Lane), I learned that many of the difficulties of the Protestant groups came from the anti-Roman sentiments and traits that they were distributing to Colombians...

One cannot honestly and indistinctly criticize the religion of a people who have had the teachings of the Roman Church, as it exists in Colombia, ingrained in their life and thought for untold generations and enjoy a natural reception.

While not condoning the action recounted in *TIME*, I felt that the other side of the picture should be understood in order to correct any false impression that the account might give readers. All the responsibility is with the Colombians. The missionaries, and their boards, might well search the Gospel anew and redirect their activity.

(THE REV.) GEORGE F. PACKARD
Rector
Immanuel & Trinity Churches
Glencoe, Md.

Foggy Argument

Sir:
I am amazed that such an erudite individual as Professor C.E.M. Joad (*TIME*, June 30) should have such an erroneous impression of the American woman of 40. I have lived here for 65 years and have yet to encounter the creature ["... horn-rimmed spectacles, leather skin, strident voice . . ."] he depicts. If indeed she does exist, surely she is no more dreadful than her English counterpart with her flat-heeled shoes, shapeless tweeds and horsey vocabulary . . .

Professor Joad's views are on a par with the prevalent American impression that my native land is shrouded in fog for twelve months of the year.

DOROTHY M. WILSON
Wichita Falls, Texas

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WHEN you want something *right*, you do it *yourself*!

That's why Magnavox builds so many of its components—including heirloom-quality cabinets unmatched for beauty of tone and finish. More *value* is built into a Magnavox instrument, so you get more *pleasure* out of one. The fine stores which sell them are listed in your telephone book. Magnavox TV prices start at \$229.50.



THE FRENCH PROVINCIAL 21 television - radio - phonograph with 21-inch screen. Available in rich maple or sassy finish. Magnavox All-channel UHF tuner readily installed in cabinet.

the magnificent **Magnavox** BETTER LIGHT BETTER SOUND BETTER TUNING
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Glory of Making Sense

It was a great convention—one of the greatest in U.S. history—and great in a particular way. Not in the level of its oratory, which can be appraised by noting that its best speech was made by Elder Statesman Herbert Hoover. Nor in its platform, which will never be mistaken for resonant prose. Nor in unity.

The 1952 Republican Convention was great in that it fulfilled one of the highest duties of a party (or a man): to make sense. The convention made political, moral and dramatic sense.

Drama & Debate. This generation of Americans tends to view politics as a sordid and (worse) senseless contest

... on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle
and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

To the extent that this view of politics prevails, democracy lacks respect and, by that lack, health. At Chicago, a new medium, TV, met a situation that has been recently missing from U.S. politics. Television and the U.S. press reported a struggle whose terms could be understood at every level, from the most abstract principle of popular government down to the concrete situation in the Louisiana district where, on a night last April, John Jackson's followers held a rump meeting under a live oak tree. Schoolboys can be found in the U.S. today who understand the practical politics of the Taft-Ike fight in Louisiana, and how that relates to "governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The convention opened with that valuable rarity in contemporary American political life—a tense but sense-making debate where most of the speakers stayed reasonably close to the point. It moved on to the never irrelevant detail of the credentials-committee argument and rose to a climax with the Wednesday-night vote on Georgia.

The vote by which Eisenhower was nominated on Friday confirmed the Wednesday-night vote. It tied the moral issue of the contested delegates back into the overriding political issue: Ike was the better man to nominate because Ike was more likely to win.

Principle or Nostalgia? This political issue runs deeper than expediency. The New Deal revolution can be halted, modi-



THE EISENHOWERS & THE NIXONS
Democracy's health was looking up.

UPI-CELESTE

fied or turned into better channels. But it cannot be rolled back to 1932 or 1928. To the end of the Chicago fight there were 500 delegates who seemed untouched by this argument, who stoutly refused to trade out their viewpoint. At a time when circumstances call urgently to the Republican Party to make a winning fight, this stand of the 500 seemed a mixture of nostalgia and conviction.

The majority held that only Eisenhower's kind of fight—an approach by the Republican Party to the people—could be won. Only by thwarting the will of the people in the delegate contests could Ike's bid for the nomination have been stopped. The plot and subplot meshed in the pre-convention first act, and the convention played out both without missing a line.

At the final curtain, the delegates might have marred the lesson by flubbing the vice-presidential nomination with a futile compromise to "bind up the wounds." They did not flub it. Richard Nixon, progressive fighter against Communism and corruption, fits the logic of the Monday vote, the Wednesday vote, the nominat-

ing ballot—and the struggle for victory on Nov. 4.

That struggle will be tough. The Republican Party is still the minority party and Ike is no magician—only a man who made sense, nominated by a convention that knew what time it was.

Chairman Joe Martin summed it up in the convention's final session. He looked up at empty seats in the galleries. "Open the doors," he said, "and let the people in."

REPUBLICANS

A Strategist's Battle

Before the battle started at Chicago, its shape was clear, though the result was in doubt. On the main strategic decisions, both sides had passed their points of no return.

Cabot Lodge, Ike's campaign manager, made many a pre-convention tactical error, but on his basic analysis of the contending forces and on top strategy, he was dead right.

Taft was "Mr. Republican," his following was zealous, experienced and in control of the party machinery. Taft's

best chance was to impress wavering delegates with the idea that he could not be stopped at the convention.

On Dwight Eisenhower's side was the arithmetic of November electors prospects (TIME, June 30); any Republican who faced the figures could see that Ike had a better chance to win in November. Arithmetic, however, kindles no flames. The Ike forces lacked an exciting issue until Taft handed them one: the grab of Southern delegations.

Lodge recognized it, jumped on it instantly, and kept jumping. The Taftmen had committed themselves, and kept grabbing. When, five days before the convention opened, their national committee took the Georgia delegation, the Taft campaign reached its high-water mark. That was Gettysburg. The same day, 23 Republican governors, meeting in Houston, signed a statement taking the Eisenhower side on the contests and warning that the nominee must have "clean hands." Specifically, the governors were against letting contested delegates vote on other contested delegates, a point that could be seen as critical five weeks before the convention opened (TIME, June 9). The first floor vote came on this question. When the Taft forces lost that, they lost initiative and momentum and never regained it. That they held together to the last was evidence of the strong emotional charge in the Taft campaign; it was not due to brilliant organization or leadership.

In addition to the electoral arithmetic and the moral issue, the Ike forces wound up with superior organization and generalship, both at the strategic and the tactical level.

The Men Who Did It

The man who masterminded the Eisenhower convention tactics last week never got to the convention hall, Herbert Brownell Jr., a quiet, precise Manhattan lawyer who is an old hand at political campaigns (Republican national chairman in 1944-46, Dewey-Warren campaign manager in 1948), pulled his strings from an office in the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

Brownell picked Ike's floor manager, New Hampshire's Governor Sherman Adams. Brownell chose Ike spokesmen on key committees and in floor fights. Brownell kept the master list of delegates, and spoke with the most authoritative voice on what arguments should be presented by whom to which delegates.

Up the Stairs. Once a day Brownell went to see Ike, usually ate with him. So that the press would not herald his daily visit, he went from his office on the eleventh floor of the Conrad Hilton Hotel to another Ike man's room on the fourth floor of the Blackstone Hotel. Then he would slip up the stairs to the Eisenhower quarters on the fifth floor.

Another Ike man who played a key role got to the convention just once—the day Ike was nominated. He is Charles Wesley Roberts, a tall, relaxed Kansan, a former country editor turned publicity man. It was Wes Roberts who engineered one of

the best Ike maneuvers: the statement from the Republican governors taking Ike's side in the contested-delegates fight. Roberts knew that the politically sensitive governors were strong for Ike. In late May he telephoned ten governors he was sure of, got them to sign a joint statement for Eisenhower.

"More Sensitive." In the two weeks before the Governors' Conference in Houston, Roberts was on the phone again, talking to 15 governors, suggesting that some kind of joint statement be issued. By the time they got to Houston, 18 governors were ready to go. Tom Dewey

national committee. This would take care of the Taft argument that the "fair play" amendment would encourage future contests and might make it impossible to hold a convention. Brownell instantly accepted Knowland's change, but amended it to 33 1/3%.

Last week, as the exodus from Chicago began, Herbert Brownell didn't seem to be taking much credit for what happened. Said he: "Well, they [the Taft forces] had it in their fingers and threw it away."

The Men Who Didn't

If the Taft tacticians had been brilliant at Chicago, they might have wormed their way out of the corner in which they had been placed by their own pre-convention strategy and the Brownell-Lodge counter-strategy. The Taft tacticians were anything but brilliant.

Wrong Time & Issue. Before the convention was two hours old, the Taft managers let themselves be maneuvered into the position of testing their strength at the wrong time and on the wrong issue. They were not sure whether they had the votes to win that first test. They did not even carry out their agreed plan.

When the Eisenhower forces were about to offer their resolution to prevent contested delegates from voting on other contests, a Taft strategist suggested that they could raise a point of order because the motion included seven Louisiana delegates, whose cases had been settled by the state committee. In a hasty conference, the Taftmen decided to raise the point, and to let Guy Gabreski, then presiding, uphold it. Then, if the Ike men wanted to seat their seven from Louisiana, they would have to appeal from the ruling of the chairman. Any assembly is reluctant to overrule "the chair." Ike men would have had a much harder time arguing against the chair than for what they deemed their rights. Said Taft's able Floor Manager Tom Coleman: "We would have won that vote."

The Taftmen's signals jammed. When Coleman got back to the floor, Ohio's Senator John Bricker had moved to adopt the 1948 rules, and the Eisenhower forces had offered a substitute motion—the now-celebrated Langlie amendment (providing that delegations contested by more than 33 1/3% of the national committee might not vote on other contests). Who told Bricker to make his motion? Chairman Gabreski, who at that point was apparently thinking about routine, not about Taft tactics. Things were happening so fast that Coleman had to pick the nearest Taftman available to raise the point of order. That was Ohio's paunchy Representative Clarence Brown, who had badly managed Taft's 1948 floor fight.

A Taft Gasp. On his own, Brown then decided to change the strategy.

He offered a motion to amend the Eisenhower forces' amendment. Brown later said that he got the impression that Gabreski, worried about criticism, might overrule a point of order. If Gabreski sustained Brown's point, the convention



George Sise—Life
TOM DEWEY & DELEGATE
Governors are more sensitive.

might overrule the chair, and old Politico Brown didn't want that to happen to a friend.

Aside from the fumbling execution, the original decision to let the Langlie amendment pass and instead to fight for the Louisiana seven was fantastic. The Langlie amendment was a serious blow to Taft's numerical strength, and might have been worth the risk of a roll call. But in no sense were the votes of seven delegates on one issue worth such a risk.

When Televiewer Bob Taft saw 1948's Brown trundling up to the rostrum to take over, he gasped. "Taftmen in the convention hall were confused by Bricker's motion and Brown's switched parliamentary maneuver. Thereafter occurred the dramatic two-hour debate on the merits of the whole rule proposal (TIME, July 14); the chair put Brown's amendment to a vote. The Taft side lost it by a thumping 110-to-vote margin.

From there on, the Taftmen's floor tactics improved little. They fought the Georgia case, although the Monday vote should have convinced them they had little chance of winning it. They gave up on Louisiana after they had passed the point where the convention would give them any credit for the concession.

At that point, the victory-scouting Ike forces would not conceivably have compromised, yet Clarence Brown, looking back on the convention, blames it all on Cabot Lodge's insatiable greed for delegates. "He wanted to take it all," Brown mutters. "He wanted to take it all."

Most unhappy of the Taft leaders is Paul Walter, a Cleveland lawyer and an able organizer, who had developed an amazing communications network among pro-Taft delegates. Some of these were hidden in predominantly pro-Ike delegations, such as New York. Walter claimed that he had 644 votes for Taft—but these could only be delivered on an actual nominating ballot, and only if Taft looked like the winner on that ballot.

Walter's hidden delegates were of no use on the two early ballots, and these ballots convinced the hidden delegates that Taft was not the inevitable winner.

A Candidate's Education

Until he came to Chicago, Ike Eisenhower had never been within buttonholing distance of a national political convention. But he caught the fever almost from the moment he forced his way into the Blackstone Hotel on Saturday before the big show began. And like anyone else at his first convention, Ike discovered that some mighty odd characters are swept along by the human tides that flow noisily in & out of political headquarters.

Crackpots hustled by in the dozens to give him the benefit of grandiose schemes for victory. One announced that he was the man solely responsible for the victory of Calvin Coolidge—given proper power, he wanted to do the trick for Ike, too. But most of his ilk were politely turned away by pretty, blonde Sally Pillsbury of

the famed flour family, a volunteer worker who toiled at the Eisenhower reception desk. A scourge of drunks arrived too, and were yanked out to fresh air by Chicago policemen.

Ike rose each day at 6, and usually made a point of breakfasting with a state delegation. "I am not important," he told a group from Nebraska. "It is the basic belief that is important." To half a hundred Missouri delegates and alternates he used brisker language. "As long as we are in this thing," he said with a grin, "let's stick in it together and throw the stove lid at anything that gets in our way!"



George Stoddard—LIFE

CLARENCE BROWN
Taft gasped at a ghost.

don't," he told men & women from Oklahoma, "make promises that a bottle of ointment will cure you of everything from poverty to flat feet."

At times he came close to being non-plussed. One of three Alaskan delegates—a small, weatherbeaten man named Gerrit Snider—strode up to him, clutching a bundle wrapped in newspapers. "Would you appoint a native Alaskan, a real sordid governor of Alaska?" the visitor demanded. Startled, Ike paused a moment, and then said yes. Snider immediately unwrapped the parcel and yanked out a two-inch skinable choker.

"What?" Ike gulped. "Is this—mink?" It was sable. Snider announced. He added proudly that he had trapped it himself. "Mamie will love this," the general said, accepting the gift, "but remember now, this is no political deal."

Life with Ike

In the years since her husband became a famous man, Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower had steadfastly refused to hold a formal press conference. Last week she finally agreed to one. The affair turned out to be interesting, but not quite what the reporters had anticipated: Mamie spent almost all of her 35 minutes talking about Ike, not about Mamie.

"I'm not a very interesting person to write about," she said. "I never seem to find time hanging heavily on my hands, but I haven't any special talents or any hobbies. Now, take Ike—fishing, golf, cooking—and then all of a sudden he started this painting and he's good at everything."

Her husband's painting career began, she confided, at Fort Myer, Va. (when he was on duty at the nearby Pentagon after the war). He just called for "a rag, thumb tacks and a board." The rag turned out to be a dish cloth on which he painted an oil portrait of Mamie. "I just don't know the word for it," she said.

"He's not very successful with me," she said, "and he's sort of given me up." Landscapes, she thought, suit his talents better. But for all that, the original painting had not gone into the trash can; it was jealously claimed and is now treasured by New York Artist Thomas Stephens. "Mr. Churchill's good [at painting]," Mamie added, "but he's had instruction. Ike hasn't and he's really wonderful."

"Ike's a much better cook than I am," she went on. "I'm not very good in the kitchen. He has a steaks thing. He broils the steak over charcoal with a light butter sauce seasoned with garlic powder—everyting he does has garlic. The steaks get burned-looking and you wonder if they'll be any good. They are."

Did she think the general would be elected? "Certainly!" Would she campaign with him? "I hope to go every place that my husband goes." Would she make any speeches? "No, I'm not planning to." She laughed and added. "You know that word 'no.' You can't ever be that final. I might be doing it yet." How was the general feeling? "Oh, Ike's as fresh as a daisy." And Mamie? "And me?" she said. "Well, I'm all right."

The Ancient Warrior

At the first notes of *California, Here I Come*, the big, restless evening-session crowds came to their feet on the floor and in the galleries. Politicos on the platform turned, beaming and clapping. And there was former President Herbert Hoover, walking with an old man's slow and careful step. About him burst a desenting roar of applause. It went on & on.

Night Among Friends. The old gentleman smiled a cautious smile, lifted a hand in greeting, and stood holding himself stiffly erect, almost as if overwhelmed by the sound. Herbert Hoover was 77. Time had whitened his hair, turned his cheeks a flaming pink, and softened the lines of his face. For 20 years he had suffered,

with dignity and without complaint, an *auto da fé* of criticism such as few men, even in public life, have ever endured. But this was his night among friends, his night for the homage due an ancient warrior. The uproar lasted for 13 long minutes.

"That," he said finally, and in heartfelt tones, "was some welcome . . .

"But," he went on in his dry and unemotional voice, "from the inexorable course of nature, this is likely to be the last time that I shall attend your convention." A long-drawn "No-o-o" burst from the crowd. But a subtle change came over the hall. The audience reacted less like a crowd listening to a political speech than a big family affectionately assembled to hear a patriarch warn them, as old men will, about the pitfalls of world they thought they knew better than he.

His text: that the "words and spirit [of the Constitution] have been distorted and violated" during 20 years of Democratic administrations, and that the freedom of men—an issue "which transcends

tion burst out in the auditorium. Crowds in the gallery behind the speaker's stand whistled and shouted until he turned to ward them. The ovation was in marked contrast to the reception of MacArthur's speech of the night before, which somehow failed to stir the convention.

When National Chairman Guy Gabreski approached Hoover, amid the clamor, to present him with a gold medal of appreciation, tears started in the old man's eyes. Finally the sound died down, the convention went on. Mr. Hoover walked slowly to the rear of the platform, his medal pinned on his coat, and eased himself down on a chair with the air of a man whose work is finally done.

The Politic Generalities

Colorado's Senator Eugene Millikin stood at the rostrum reading the 1952 Republican platform. A buzz of conversation rose from the convention floor, and the aisles were filled with milling delegates. Permanent Chairman Joe Martin,



George Skadding—LIFE

MRS. MILDRED YOUNGER & CHAIRMAN MARTIN
For beyond the chicken-patty circuit.

all transitory questions of national life" —stands at stake in 1952. He criticized the Administration for "tax and tax" at home and "spend and spend" abroad. He made no bones over his conviction that American efforts at arming Western Europe might result in "the bankruptcy which is Stalin's greatest hope."

Although this is markedly different from General Eisenhower's view of Western Europe, even Ike's delegates on the floor joined in the applause.

Rattlesnake Strategy. "I do not propose," Hoover went on, "that we retreat into our shell like a turtle." Then his old gift for the precisely wrong word asserted itself: "I do propose the deadly reprisal strategy of a rattlesnake." To do this "within our economic capacities," he asked for an end of great U.S. ground armies. "The sure defense of London, New York and Paris is the fear of counterattack on Moscow from the air." He was interrupted 71 times by applause, yells and cheers. When he finished his speech—"I pray [to God] to strengthen your hands and to give you courage"—a second great ova-

accustomed to a high degree of buzz-buzz while platforms are being read, decided that this was too much. He whacked down his big wooden gavel and shouted: "The convention will please come to order. This is an important document . . . The delegates should at least know what they're going to vote on in a few minutes."

Through the Shoals. The delegates' inattention was not necessarily evidence that they did not care what was in the platform. They knew that the resolutions committee had, as usual, compromised, steered through the shoals and employed politic generalities. Before the platform got to the floor, the drafters had planned off rough spots which might have caused serious fights on three planks: foreign policy, national defense and civil rights. Now there was nothing to argue about.

The chief planner of the foreign-policy plank was John Foster Dulles, who had begun the task more than two months ago. He talked foreign policy with Dwight Eisenhower in France last May, and returned to the U.S. ready to come out for Ike. But about that time, Bob Taft called

to say that he had read Dulles' foreign-policy views in *LIFE* and generally agreed with them. Dulles and the Eisenhower forces decided that he should stay publicly neutral to work out a foreign-policy plank that would avoid a party split on that issue. Said Dulles, just before the nomination: "The Eisenhower people told me they felt this was more important than my coming out publicly for their man."

When both Taft and Ike agreed that he should draft the plank, Dulles went to work. A week before the convention began, he arrived in Chicago with a 1,000-word document. Last week, after Dulles had shuttled between the opposing camps, he had a plank which both sides approved with comparatively minor reservations. Millikin's resolutions committee edited it (mostly to put in such barbs as "betrayed," "flouted" and "tragic blunders" when referring to the Truman Administration's foreign policy).

Foreign Policy. In its final form, the plank charged that Democratic administrations had lost the peace, traded away victory at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, retreated before Russian encroachment in Europe, betrayed China to Communism and bungled into the Korean War.

Looking forward to a positive Republican policy, the plank pledged: "We shall encourage and aid the development of collective security forces there [in Western Europe] as elsewhere, so as to end the Soviet power to intimidate directly or by satellites . . . In the balanced consideration of our problems, we shall end neglect of the Far East, which Stalin has long identified as the road to victory over the West . . . We shall support the United Nations . . . We shall not try to buy good will. We shall earn it by sound, constructive, self-respecting policies and actions."

John Foster Dulles had produced a realistic, knowing, crusading plank.

Although the national-defense plank was not in his realm, Dulles had a hand in it, too. When he learned that the original draft leaned toward air-power-only policy, which Ike opposed, he suggested that it be rewritten. Result: a plank which called for "the quickest possible development of . . . completely adequate air power and the simultaneous readiness of coordinated air, land and sea forces . . ."

Civil Rights. While Elder Statesman Dulles was steering the foreign-policy course, one of the convention's youngest and prettiest delegates was the central figure in a struggle over civil rights. Mrs. Mildred Younger, a 31-year-old Los Angeles housewife, presided over the civil-rights subcommittee with an intelligent, calm hand, asked witnesses piercing questions which showed that her political experience extended far beyond the chicken-patty circuit of most women politicians. The daughter of a California lobbyist for public-school teachers and the wife of a lawyer, she was no stranger to proceedings

* For Governor Thomas E. Dewey's view of the Far East, see *Books*.

of this kind. Said she: "I was two years old the first time I went on the floor of the legislature at Sacramento."

The subcommittee was bitterly divided. Mrs. Younger and two other members wanted to call for a federal agency (she avoided the explosive initials FEPC) to push civil rights. The two other members were violently opposed. As a result, Millikin's full committee got majority and minority reports, and came out with a plank that each side could construe as it wished: "We believe that it is the primary responsibility of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions . . . However, we believe that the Federal Government should take supplemental action within its constitutional jurisdiction to oppose discrimination against race, religion or national origin."

The Orange Crate. On other issues, the platform said about what it could be expected to. It attacked the Administration's "appeasement of Communism at home and abroad," and pledged an overhauling of U.S. loyalty and security programs. It condemned the "wanton extravagance" in Washington, and promised tax cuts. After pointing out that "fraud, bribery, graft, favoritism and influence-peddling" had come to light in the Truman Administration, it vowed to "oust the crooks and grafters."

When Senator Millikin had finished reading the 6,000-word platform, the convention adopted it by voice vote, without a murmur of dissent. It was a workman-like piece of fast political carpentry—and, except for the foreign-policy plank, about as inspiring as an orange crate. Only in one field had the framers of the document agreed to a simple proposition, stated clearly, without fear or favor. "We pledge," said the plank, "a more efficient and frequent mail-delivery service."

"Keep It Clean"

Daunted by the outraged uproar which followed their decision to ban TV from national committee hearings, Taftmen did not make the same mistake again. When members of the credentials committee assembled in the rococo Gold Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel on the second day of the convention, they were agreed to work under the eye of the television camera. Through that eye during the next two days millions of Americans saw political infighting in its most instructive form, a moral issue interwoven with highly technical politics.

"The Supreme Court." The first important case history presented was the Georgia delegates contest. Taft members of the credentials committee based their case almost entirely on the decision of a Democratic judge in Georgia (TIME, July 14). Chief Eisenhower spokesman on the committee was the state of Washington's lanky young (32) Donald Eastvold, a former state senator who is his party's candidate for attorney general. Eastvold asserted that the convention was its own supreme court in party matters, and both the 1944 and 1948 Republican Conven-



ICAN NATIONAL C

Peter Stackpole—Lefrak

TAFTMAN DIRKSEN

"Don't do it to us again."

tions had recognized Georgia delegations led by W. Roscoe Tucker, who now headed the pro-Eisenhower group. Nevertheless, the Taftmen, by a vote of 30 to 21, recommended that the pro-Taft faction be seated at the convention.

Evidence & Audience. The fight put up in the committee by Eastvold and his colleagues was a warning to the Taftmen of what was to come on the convention floor. On the next case—Louisiana's 13 delegates—the Eisenhower group put up another strong argument. Backed up by an impressive array of charts and witnesses, John Minor Wisdom, chief of the pro-Eisenhower delegation from Louisiana, asserted that John Jackson, head of the



George Skadding—Lefrak

IEKEMAN EASTVOLD

"Beware a young man with a book."

Taft delegation, had set up rump meetings and then rigged the state credentials committee so that it was worse than a kangaroo court. Cried Wisdom: "A decent, respectable kangaroo wouldn't be caught dead in such meetings."

Wisdom ended his testimony at 3:45 a.m. When the committee convened again after breakfast, several normally pro-Taft members, doubtless mindful of the television audience, seemed ready to vote with Ike men on the Louisiana issue. Moving swiftly to convert a rout into a display of generosity, Ohio's ponderous Clarence Brown, leader of the committee's Taft forces, offered to do some trading.

He called the leader of the Eisenhower forces, Massachusetts Congressman John Heselton, into a nearby kitchen. Heselton under a wall sign which read "Keep It Clean." Brown offered a two-part deal: 1) the Taftmen would vote in favor of Ike's Louisiana delegation if 2) the Ike men would accept Senator Taft's 22-16 split of the Texas delegation.

"There will be no deal," replied Heselton. A few minutes later the credentials committee voted unanimously to seat the Ike delegation from Louisiana.

The Taftmen then threw their creaking steamroller into high for the last time. By a vote of 27 to 24, the committee recommended seating of a Texas delegation split 22 for Taft, 16 for Ike.

"Down the Road." That evening the credentials committee's recommendations were submitted to the full convention for final approval. As soon as Oklahoma's Ross Rizley moved acceptance of the committee's ruling in favor of the pro-Taft group in Georgia, Ike men Eastvold was on his feet with a counter-resolution proposing sealing of the pro-Eisenhower delegates. Again attacking the Taftmen's argument about the Georgia judge, Eastvold said that there is a saying among lawyers: "Beware a young man with a book." Then he held up a law book and cited a U.S. Supreme Court decision holding that the party convention should make the final decision in delegate contests.

Eastvold's chief opponent was Illinois' oleaginous Senator Everett Dirksen. His pitch: that the members of the convention did not know enough about the Georgia issue to pass on it and therefore should follow the committee majority. This familiar argument overlooked the fact that the delegates could hardly admit that they did not understand a case which millions of Americans understood through the press and TV. Then Dirksen worked smoothly into a bitter diversionary attack on "my good friends from the Eastern seaboard." Said he: "When my friend Tom Dewey was a candidate, I tried to be one of his best campaigners." His voice rose accusingly: "We followed you before and you took us down the road to defeat." Then, shaking his finger at the New York delegation, where Tom Dewey sat smiling fixedly, Dirksen dropped his voice in a final thrust, "And don't do this to us again," he said.

A loud and ugly boo filled the hall—

NEWS IN PICTURES



SOLEMN DELEGATES at Republican National Convention (fifth from right: Pennsylvania's Governor Fine) listen with reverent

intentness to "farewell address" by ex-President Hoover, 77, who called on them to regain U.S. liberties and "lost statesmanship."



ANGRY NOTE is struck by Governor Fine's fist against Temporary Chairman Hallinan's cold shoulder as Fine demands caucus recess before crucial vote on Georgia delegation.

Associated Press



SOUR NOTE: Governor Dewey is blasted by Taftmen applauding Senator Dirksen's attack

Associated Press



CHEERING DELEGATES swirl past New Hampshire's Governor Adams (center foreground), the Eisenhower floor leader, as they

whoop up a wild 45-minute demonstration after Ike's nomination. Earlier, a Taft ovation acclaimed the Ohio Senator for 47 minutes.



United Press
ROUSING NOTE is sounded as Michigan's Chairman Summerfield coaches his delegation.



Edward Clark—Life
PROMISSORY NOTE of floor strategy in fight to change 1948 convention rules is arranged by Massachusetts Ikemen Sinclair Weeks (left), Senators Lodge and Saltonstall.

thousands of Taftites boozing Dewey. Many another delegate reacted quietly, as the subsequent vote showed, against Dirksen's attempt to hide an issue under a sensational personal attack.

Tension & the Towel. When the roll call began, Pennsylvania's Governor John Fine burst on to the speaker's platform almost incoherent with rage. Quivering from head to foot, Fine accused Temporary Chairman Hallanan of breaking an agreement to grant a 45-minute recess in which state delegations could caucus before the vote was taken. When Hallanan reminded him that the convention had just voted down a motion to recess, Fine bounced out of the hall followed by his delegation. By the time Pennsylvania's vote was requested, however, Fine was back and again trying to get his protest on record. Ruling the governor out of order, Hallanan asked if Pennsylvania wished to pass its vote. "Mr. Chairman," shouted Fine passionately, "Pennsylvania will never pass."

One by one the pivotal states—California, Michigan, Minnesota and Pennsylvania—cast a heavy majority of their votes for the Eastvoid motion. When the roll call was complete there were 607 votes in favor of seating the Eisenhower delegation, 531 against.

The vote had another effect: just before it was concluded, a little man* from Puerto Rico arose and demanded the now famous roll call of the three island delegates. The comical interchange which followed swept away the acrimony and strain of the long debate.

Before another humiliating roll-call defeat could be inflicted on them, Taftmen threw in the towel, proposed that the convention unanimously seat the Eisenhower Texas delegation. With that vote, all hope of regaining the offensive went out of the Taft forces, although they still held together with a tenacity and defensive loyalty almost unparalleled in beaten groups at U.S. national conventions.

The Nominating Ballot

At 9:30 a.m., some 500 Taft delegates met in the Hilton Hotel ballroom for a pre-ballot pep rally. Cried Taft lieutenant Paul Walter: "Are we going to stand firm?" Shouted the crowd: "Yes!" Everett Dirksen was on hand, too. "We are gathered here together to hold up each other's hands," said he, recalling how Moses needed two men to hold up his hands so that the Israelites could go on winning. "All hands to the wheel, Bob!" cried Dirksen, in the mixed metaphor of the year. "I am in your corner to the last ditch." Bob himself told the delegates that he had been sitting up most of the

night figuring, and he could not see how Eisenhower could get more than 560 votes on the first ballot. Said he: "They're shooting the works for a first-ballot nomination, and if they don't get it, Eisenhower is through."

Then the delegates climbed into their buses and drove to the convention hall. The roll call began. One by one, the voices spoke for the states of the Union: flat Midwestern twangs and Southern songs, quiet voices and hoarsely tense voices, defiant voices and triumphant voices, and voices that tried to cram a message into the simple business of voting. ("I vote for Eisenhower, the winner." "I proudly vote for Bob Taft." "Louisiana casts 13 hard-earned votes for Eisenhower.")

Stassen, favorite-son candidate to whom 24 of its 28 members were pledged. The delegation's loyalties, going back to the days before 1948 when Stassen was still a Minnesota hero, had become strained. There was strong sentiment for Eisenhower, who had rolled up an impressive write-in vote of 106,946 in the Minnesota primary. It was clear to most delegates that Stassen had no chance for the nomination, but Stassen was sharply disappointed about what he considered defections. When one delegate told Stassen not to rely on him in a second ballot, Stassen said: "Then I don't want you on the first." In the morning caucus, sentimental loyalties to Stassen fought with political realities. Governor Elmer Anderson, Senator Edward Thye and Mrs. F. Peavey Heffelfinger, national committeewoman, asked Stassen to release them so that they could vote for Eisenhower. With tears in his eyes he agreed. Three more delegates asked to be released unconditionally, and again he reluctantly agreed, and added that the whole delegation could switch to Ike if he had more than 580 votes at the end of the first roll call. One of these (Kenneth Peterson, Republican state chairman) decided at the last minute to stick with Stassen after all. But the nine votes for Ike foreshadowed what Minnesota would do at the end of the roll call.

Ike picked up one more vote each from New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Washington and Alaska, two votes each in North Carolina, Virginia, and Wyoming, three votes in Nevada.

This slow seepage of votes swelled Ike's total, but it was apparent before the end of the roll call that he would be short of 604. When it ended, Ike had 595 votes, nine short of the nomination. Taft had 500, Warren 81, Stassen 20, MacArthur 10.

Watching the session on his TV set with his chief lieutenants, Robert Taft broke the grim silence in the hotel room and said quietly: "There will be some shifts."

The Big Switch. Minnesota's Walter Judd had gone up to the rostrum, tugged Chairman Martin's sleeve and asked him to recognize Minnesota as soon as the roll call was finished. Martin nodded.

When the roll call was over, Newell Weed, an alternate, began to wave the Minnesota standard. There was a tremendous cheer from people who knew what was coming. "Here we go," Tom Dewey was heard to say. Pennsylvania's Governor Fine was also trying to be recognized, crying to Chairman Martin: "Joe, look down here, here Joe, Joe, look here!" But Minnesota got the floor first, and Senator Thye spoke into his delegation's floor microphone: "Mr. Chairman, Minnesota wishes to change its vote to Eisenhower."

For half an hour, the convention saw the familiar spectacle of delegates begging for a chance to abandon their former champion and join the winner. State chairmen jumped up & down like little boys who were out trying to catch the teacher's eye. Switch after switch was announced in the stampede. Finally, Joe



BRICKER AFTER TAFT'S DEFEAT
A painful duty awaited him.

Politicians and reporters tensely compared the vote with the roll call that had been taken two days before on the question of seating Georgia (see above). Taft forces hoped that the delegates who then voted on the Eisenhower side would not necessarily do so now.

Ike was sure to get 68 new votes as a result of his convention victories in the Georgia, Louisiana and Texas contests. But these would be more than balanced by 68 Warren votes and 26 Stassen votes, which had been with him on the contests, and were now expected to return to their favorite sons.

As the roll was called, Ike's gains were minute. He picked up one vote each in Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Maryland and Massachusetts, and three votes in Michigan. Meanwhile, Taft picked up one vote each in Colorado, Delaware, Indiana, Kentucky.

Then came Minnesota: Ike 9, Stassen 19. That was the break. Behind this vote was a dramatic story.

Early that morning, the Minnesota delegation had met in caucus with Harold

* Judge Marcelino Romany, a solemn, bald, big-nosed little (5 ft. 1 in.) man who had no intention at all of being funny. Romany is known at home as a stern judge and a man of enormous dignity and great political courage. Until last week he was chiefly famous for throwing Governor Rexford Guy Tuve's cabinet in jail for contempt during a court action in 1944.

Martin announced the result: Eisenhower 84, Taft 280, Warren 77, MacArthur 4.

On the floor, jubilant Cabot Lodge, Ike's campaign manager, was being mobbed by photographers. Some Taft delegates still were stunned. Ohio's handsome John Bricker, white-haired and white-suited, appeared on the rostrum, sad but scarcely surprised. He had known that morning that Taft was, in all likelihood, beaten, and he had prepared himself for the painful duty that awaited him—the speech ending convention bitterness and calling for unity. In a low voice, in chill contrast to the thumping oratory of previous days, Bricker announced: "Senator Taft has communicated with me . . . He and General Eisenhower have already met . . . Senator Taft has pledged his unlimited and active support to elect Dwight D. Eisenhower . . ." Bricker asked the convention to make Ike's nomination unanimous.

The Meeting

Dwight Eisenhower watched the balloting on his TV set in his suite at the Blackstone Hotel. He was surrounded by advisers—his four brothers, Paul Hoffman, Senator Frank Carlson, Herbert Brownell. Ike was confident of victory, but he nervously fingered two good-luck coins (a Boy Scout coin and a Salvation Army piece).

When the Rhode Island vote was announced (six for Eisenhower, one for Taft, one for Warren), he asked sharply: "Did we expect more there?" When Pennsylvania's vote was about to be announced, everyone in the room grew tense, relaxed again when Governor Fine said: "Fifty-three for Eisenhower, 15 for Taft, two for MacArthur." By the end of the roll call, it was evident that he was in, and when Minnesota switched to Ike, giving him a majority, cheers burst out of the suite. Tears came to Eisenhower's eyes. He leaped to his feet, shook hands with Brownell and Carlson. Brownell and his friend Thomas Stephens, another Ike strategist, danced around the room. Eisenhower brothers were embracing all over the place. Ike said: "I want to see Mamie," went into her room (she was in bed with neuralgia).

From her bedside phone, without waiting for advice from the experts, Eisenhower quickly called Taft headquarters: he wanted to drop by for a visit. Then Ike asked for a Scotch & water. "I want to have my one & only drink with my friends. I think I deserve one."

Across Balbo* Avenue in his headquarters at the Conrad Hilton, Taft was also watching the ballot on TV. In defeat, the man who had tried so long and hard to be President was calm and collected. But all over Taft headquarters, women workers were in tears.

* Named in honor of Mussolini's Italo Balbo, who set Chicago on its ear in 1933 when he led two dozen seaplanes in a 6,100-mile, 16-day flight from Orbetello, Italy via Amsterdam and Iceland to Chicago, where they landed in perfect formation on Lake Michigan.

Then, out of the elevator into the crowded ninth-floor lobby stepped Ike Eisenhower. He was greeted by cheers and boos. A chant of "We want Taft!" went up. The incident acted on Ike like a slap; he brooded about it hours later. Eisenhower and Taft were alone for five minutes in Taft's suite, came out together to face the TV cameras. Said Taft with a forced smile: "I want to congratulate General Eisenhower on his nomination and say I will do everything possible to assist him in his campaign and in his administration when he is elected President." Said Ike, more ill at ease than Taft: "I came over here to pay a call of friendship on a very great American. His readiness to cooperate in the campaign and after-

Wanted: Bright Young Man

Eisenhower had some ideas about the sort of fellow he wanted for a running mate: a young, "forward-looking" man, and someone who would help him get along with Congress. Among others, he considered Senators Knowland and Nixon, Governors Warren, Sherman Adams (New Hampshire), Val Peterson (Nebraska), Dan Thornton (Colorado). Brother Milton Eisenhower plugged for Taft, although Eisenhower advisers thought that Taft 1) would be bad for the ticket, 2) would not accept anyway. Eisenhower left the final decision to a meeting of his advisers, presided over by Herbert Brownell, at the Hilton, on the afternoon of his



WINNER & LOSER
A call of friendship.

Associated Press

wards is absolutely essential to the success of the Republican Party."

Then Ike went back across the street, battling his way through cheering crowds. Senator Taft, who is 62, announced he would not run again. "I'll be too old," he said. Then he prepared to go fishing.

The Others

In the column headed "others," no candidacy had any reality. California's Earl Warren got 81 votes, 70 from his own state, and no more were in sight. Before Minnesota made the big switch to Ike, Harold Stassen had 20. What Stassen thought he was doing as a candidate is still a mystery; the best explanation is that failure has gone to his head. Douglas MacArthur was never a candidate, had asked his supporters to vote for Taft. But his "candidacy" had caused silly headlines, rumors and demonstrations right up to the balloting. He got the votes of only ten delegates, who had a firm grip on unreality.

nomination. The meeting quickly settled on California's Richard Nixon.

No deal was involved. Nixon was a logical choice for a number of reasons: he is young (30), personable, a vigorous campaigner, vote-getter and money raiser who has inspired thousands of young businessmen in California to work for the Republican Party. He has an excellent record on two of the main G.O.P. campaign issues: Communism and corruption in government (see box).

Clear Aims

In a yellow Lincoln convertible, at the head of a 17-car motorcade, Ike and Mamie drove to the convention hall through Chicago's grey and bedraggled warehouse and stockyards district. Ike had been ordered not to stand in his car, because the streets were bumpy, but when he spotted a small boy jumping up & down on the curb, trying to see him, the general stood up and waved. When the car bumped across some trolley tracks, Ike was almost

NOMINEE FOR VEEP

Nominated for Vice President of the U.S. by the Republican National Convention: RICHARD (DICK) MILHOUS NIXON.

Parentage: Born Jan. 9, 1913, in Yorba Linda, Calif., a small (present pop. 885), citrus-growing town near Los Angeles, to Frank (Scotch-Irish ancestry) and Hannah Milhous Nixon (Irish-English), who migrated from the Middle West to California in their youth, married in 1908, are still Hale & hearty. Father worked as streetcar motorman, oilfield worker, rancher, built filling station at Whittier, Calif., later added a grocery store, now known as Nixon's Market and run by Dick's younger brother Don.

Childhood: Grew up in Whittier, about 15 miles from Los Angeles, worked in father's gas station, delivered groceries. Favorite family anecdote: when Nixon was a boy, he read about the Teapot Dome scandal in the papers, told his mother: "When I get big, I'll be a lawyer they can't bribe."

Education: Public schools, Whittier College (A.B. 1934), Duke University Law School (LL.B. 1937). Specialized in history, political science, constitutional and administrative law, was good debater.

Early Career: Practiced law in Whittier, 1937-42. For seven months, attorney with Washington's Office of Emergency Management, working to unify U.S. rationing rules. Commissioned in Navy, 1942, lieutenant (j.g.). Served in South Pacific as ground officer for Combat Air Transport Command, 1943-44; commended by Secretary of Navy for administrative work after V-J day; discharged as lieutenant commander, 1946.

Political Debut: In 1946, while Nixon was awaiting discharge at Baltimore, Md., a citizen's committee in California's 12th District ran a newspaper ad seeking a young man willing to run against New Deal Congressman Jerry Voorhis. A friend submitted Nixon's name. There were three other applicants. Nixon got the job, beat Voorhis by 15,592 votes. Re-elected to Congress, 1948; elected to Senate, 1950, in bitter campaign against his fellow member of Congress, New Dealer Helen Gahagan Douglas.

Record in Congress: Made national reputation as able, dogged, un hysterical investigator of Communism. As member of House Un-American Activities Committee, presented the cases against Gerhard Eisler and Eugene Dennis, 1947; took part in investigation of Communism in Hollywood; co-author of Mundt-Nixon Bill requiring registration of Communists. Was largely responsible for resolute pursuit of Hiss investigation, repeatedly saved the case from being dropped by going out himself and digging up facts. Said Whitaker Chambers in *Witness*: "Richard

Nixon made the Hiss Case possible." Nixon, however, is no McCarthyite (he did not applaud McCarthy's speech to the convention), is favoring legislation giving witnesses at investigations a better break. He has also been active in Senate investigations of Government corruption, and publicly called for the resignation of Republican National Chairman Guy Gabreski when Gabreski was accused of using his influence to get an RFC loan for a company of which he is president.

Foreign Policy: Roughly, with Eisenhower on Europe, with Taft on Asia. Supported Marshall Plan, NATO, military aid program, voted against cutting foreign aid bill. Vigorously attacks Administration's disastrous mistakes in Asia, advocates vigorous pursuit of Korean war or else getting out.

Domestic Policy: Describes himself as a moderate conservative, in accord for Taft-Hartley, voluntary price curbs, FEPC, giving Congress access to secret Government files. Against: the poll tax, socialized medicine, Brannan Plan, federal ownership of the tidelands, Harry Truman's seizure of the steel mills.

Family: Married (1940) to Patricia Ryan, 39, petite, pretty, former high school teacher (business law, bookkeeping, typing), who helps Nixon out as an unpaid secretary. (Says he: "My wife was a Democrat when I married her, and didn't become a Republican until after I was elected to Congress.") Two daughters, Patricia, 6, Julie, 4. (Patricia used to have a shine on little David Kefauver, 6, who lives up the block from their Washington home.)

Religion: Nixon is a birthright Quaker. His wife, a lifelong Protestant, says: "I go along with him."

Personal Characteristics: Hard-working, earnest, generally liked by his senior colleagues in the Senate, deeply religious. Rarely smokes or takes a drink, is a tireless, hard-hitting campaigner, looks good on TV. Says his former football coach at Whittier: "He was a second-string man. He played tackle and he played it well, but the kid was just too light. Weeks would go by and he wouldn't ever play a minute, but he'd hardly ever miss practice, and he worked hard. He was wonderful for morale, because he'd sit there and cheer the rest of the guys, and tell them how well they'd played. To sit on the bench for four years isn't easy. I always figure, especially in the case of Dick, who excelled in everything else, that kids like that have more guts than the first-string heroes. Dick, he would work even if he knew he wouldn't play. He'll be O.K. as Vice President."

thrown, but Mamie reached up and supported him. TV cameras stationed along the way, together with mobile camera units, showed Ike's progress to the amphitheater, followed him through the hall's portals and on to the rostrum.

In the floodlighted group around the speakers' platform, an aisle opened and the crowd saw Presidential Nominee Dwight Eisenhower, square-shouldered, striding briskly. The scattered cheering of the crowd rose to a roar, and through it sounded the bouncing blasts of the field-artillery march—*The Caisson Song*. Eisenhower, trim in a blue suit, was at the microphone waving and smiling, with Mamie Eisenhower at his side. The music changed to *Dixie*, Mamie threw a kiss to the crowd, and the crowd began to chant "We want Ike." Chairman Martin waited for a few minutes, then stepped to the microphone. "If you'll keep quiet," he shouted, grinning, "I'll give him to you." The cheering died down, the band stopped playing, and Eisenhower began to speak.

Fighting Road. Tense at first, he soon relaxed and in his first visit to any political convention hall, delivered the best speech of his brief political career. Said he: "I know something of the solemn responsibility of leading a crusade. I have led one . . . Mindful of its burdens and of its decisive importance, I accept your summons. I will lead this crusade."

"Our aims," he said firmly, "are clear: to sweep from office an Administration which has fastened on every one of us the wastefulness, the arrogance and corruption in high places, the heavy burdens and the anxieties which are the bitter fruit of a party too long in power."

The crowd roared. Then Ike continued: "Much more than this, it is our aim to give to our country a program of progressive policies drawn from our finest Republican traditions; to unite us wherever we have been divided; to strengthen freedom wherever among any group it has been weakened; to build a sure foundation for sound prosperity for all here at home, and for a just and sure peace throughout our world . . . The road that leads to Nov. 4 is a fighting road. In that fight I will keep nothing in reserve."

Destiny's Moment. Then he proved again the famed Eisenhower ability for fostering harmony. "Since this morning I have had helpful and heart-warming talks with Senator Taft, Governor Warren and Governor Stassen. I wanted them to know, as I want you now to know, that in the hard fight ahead we will work intimately together . . .

"We are now at a moment in history when, under God, this nation of ours has become the mightiest temporal power and the mightiest spiritual force on earth. The destiny of mankind—the making of a world that will be fit for our children to live in—hangs in the balance . . .

"Wherever I am, I will end each day of this coming campaign thinking of millions of American homes, large and small; of fathers and mothers working and sacrificing to make sure that their children are

well cared for, free from fear, full of good hope for the future, proud citizens of a country that will stand among the nations as the leader of a peaceful and prosperous world.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends who have heaped upon me such honors, it is more than a nomination I accept today. It is a dedication to the shining promise of tomorrow. As together we face that tomorrow, I beseech the prayers of all our people and the blessing and guidance of Almighty God." It was an adept as well as a heartfelt speech, opening on exactly the right note Eisenhower's campaign as the Republican nominee.

The General's General

Guy George Gabrielson's troubled term as chairman of the Republican National Committee expired with the last rap of the convention gavel last week. Next morning the new national committee met for the first time, dispatched a subcommittee to get Candidate Ike Eisenhower's ideas on Gabrielson's successor. When Ike had given his views and specified a Midwesterner, the committee chose Michigan's national committeeman, Arthur Ellsworth Summerfield.

Chairman Summerfield, 53, is a wealthy Flint, Mich., Chevrolet dealer, who entered politics in the early '40s. In 1948 Summerfield led a movement to get the Republican nomination for Michigan's Senator Arthur Vandenberg. This year Summerfield kept his important Michigan delegation on the fence right up to convention time, finally went (35-11) for Ike on the first ballot.

In his new job he will replace Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. as Eisenhower's field general, chiefly responsible for the conduct of the presidential campaign. In a sense-making rules change, the Republicans expanded the national committee to include—in addition to one committeeman and committeewoman from each state—all state G.O.P. chairmen whose states go Republican in a presidential election, or elect a Republican governor, or send a G.O.P. majority to Congress. This change gave Summerfield a 138-member national committee, the largest in G.O.P. history.

DEMOCRATS

"Confused or Fluid"

The Republicans had hardly packed up and moved out of Chicago before the Democratic vanguard began moving in among the debris of torn signs, discarded campaign buttons and bedraggled bunting to prepare for the Democratic Convention opening next Monday.

Agents for Candidate Bob Kerr staked out the Hilton's Normandie Lounge as a site for a genuine log cabin to symbolize Millionaire Oilman Kerr's humble beginnings. When they discovered the cabin would cost \$25,000, they settled for a papier-mâché model worth \$600. A "Kids for Kefauver" club scavenged the International Amphitheater to collect hundreds

of old Taft signs, set to work to refurbish the sticks with Kefauver signs.

Forward, the Veep. Everything was ready for the show except the stars. The 1,230 Democratic votes are distributed ineffectively among half a dozen front runners and a dozen-odd favorite sons. Said Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer in a classic summation: "The situation is confused or fluid, whichever way you want to look at it." Said a more candid White House staffer: "Hell, we've got plenty of candidates. What we need real bad is a candidate who can beat Eisenhower."

Last week aged Vice President Alben Barkley stepped forward and announced that he would like to try. The Veep has always managed to be loyal to the Fair Deal (including FEPC), and at the same time so loyal to his friends both in the North & South that he is regarded by one



United Press
CANDIDATE BARKLEY
Any ballot will do.

& all as "Mr. Democrat." Asked on what ballot he expects his nomination, Barkley cracked: "Almost any ballot would be satisfactory."

He was the first to mention the principal argument against his candidacy: he will be 75 next November. "I would not reduce my age by one hour to be President," he said. "If there are any who think they can outstrip or keep up with me in fighting for the Democratic Party . . . let them speak up about my age, and let all others keep silent."

Because of the age handicap, Barkley is an outsider in the Democratic race, but an interesting outsider.

The Boy Scout. Estes Kefauver, who now leads the pack with 253 delegates, let it be known that he was made to order for the battle against Eisenhower. Said Kefauver's campaign manager, Gael Sullivan: "You watch what the big Democratic bosses do now—guys we haven't been able to crack. They'll say: 'How can

we duck that sonofabitch Kefauver?' They think he's a Boy Scout, but they know he's got vote appeal . . . We will point out that the Republicans slapped down their machine bosses, and the Democrats have to reject boss rule too. The bosses in our party are smart enough to see that and get aboard."

Georgia's Richard Russell, claiming 200-300 delegates, thinks that Ike's nomination has strengthened his hand. Russell backers warn that the Democrats had better pay attention to Russell and be careful of the civil-rights plank lest they lose the South to Ike. With Russell, the Democrats can beat the South, though they might lose almost everything else.

Illinois' Governor Adlai Stevenson, who probably could have whistled up enough delegates to carry his nomination two or three weeks ago, last week tantalized reporters with still another statement asking Democrats not to nominate him. What would he do if he were drafted? "I guess I'd shoot myself," laughed Stevenson. That sounded more like William Tecumseh ("If elected, I will not serve") Sherman, but a moment later Stevenson sounded like Stevenson again. Said he: "No politician can say he would refuse a draft."

The Eisenhower-Nixon ticket would give Stevenson the toughest possible political opposition. Nixon is the man who broke the Hiss case, and Nixon could make effective capital out of the fact that Stevenson aided Hiss's defense with a deposition during the first Hiss trial. The Democrats would scarcely relish a campaign that fought the Hiss case over again.

Eye to Eye. Stevenson's position left gaunt Averell Harriman with a slight overall edge for the nomination. Truman likes Honest Ave's inflexible defense of the whole New Deal-Fair Deal program, and could easily throw more votes Harriman's way than Kefauver has earned in eight months of hard campaigning. Last week Harriman flew to Detroit to pick up a rich reward from labor. After two days of conferences, the C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther, a power in Michigan's 40-vote delegation, stated: "I don't see eye to eye with Kefauver. I don't know Stevenson, but I do see eye to eye with Harriman."

The Fire Breather. The main Democratic reaction to the Republican nomination took the form of increased pressure on Truman to run again. Publicly he laughed about the defeat of his "favorite candidate," Bob Taft. But close friends said he started to breathe fire when he heard Ike Eisenhower's acceptance speech. Reportedly, Truman has turned against the general he once offered to support for the Presidency, now mutters that Ike is an apostate and a fourflusher.

If Truman runs, he will not proclaim his candidacy before the convention. Then if Kefauver begins to win, or if a deadlock develops, the strategists may place Truman's name in nomination during the balloting. After that it will be up to him to refuse again, or to come to the aid of the party.

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

The Reds Remove a Thorn

Early one morning last week a man approached a taxi driver in West Berlin and asked to be driven to the Senefelder Platz in the Soviet sector. The driver demurred, until the man offered a bonus of 20 marks (\$4.76); then he consented. On the way, the passenger leaned forward and dropped a carton of U.S. cigarettes on the front seat. No sooner had the car stopped at the Senefelder Platz than two other men jumped in and seized the passenger, shouting: "At last we've nabbed you, you American cigarette racketeer." Driver and passenger were hustled off to jail.

By this stratagem, the Communist authorities came into possession of a taxi with West-sector markings and plates, which would attract no attention anywhere in free Berlin. Shortly after the fake pounce on the "cigarette racketeer," the taxi recrossed into the U.S. sector and stopped on the Gerichtstrasse, a quiet, linden-shaded street in a shabbily genteel neighborhood. The hour was still early. Punctually at 7:20, Dr. Walter Linse, 48, economic expert and No. 2 man of the Investigating Committee of Free Jurists, emerged from No. 12 Gerichtstrasse, on his way to work, and started briskly toward the El station, six blocks away. Two men got out of the taxi. One drove a powerful fist into Dr. Linse's jaw; the other seized the lawyer and bundled him into the taxi, which drove off at high speed in the direction of the Soviet sector.

A woman on the street screamed; the driver of a light delivery truck started in pursuit. The thugs in the taxi fired several shots at the truck and sprinkled in their wake tetrahedrons (sharp-pointed military devices for puncturing enemy tires). As the kidnap car careened around the last curve before reaching the sector line, the Communist *Volkspolizei*, alerted and waiting, lifted their barrier, and the taxi sped through without stopping, bearing Dr. Linse into the sinister maw of East Berlin.

Thick Dossiers. Of several hundred Communist kidnappings in West Berlin, this was the most flagrant, and it raised the angriest protests. Dr. Linse had been a painful thorn in the Red flank. The Investigating Committee of Free Jurists (Time, Dec. 18, 1950) compiles thick dossiers on the crimes of East German officials, on information obtained from refugees and from well-concealed underground sources in the Soviet zone. Three weeks ago Linse gave the West German newspapers his latest data on East zone rearmament. The secret Communist price on Linse's head was believed to be comparable to that on Dr. Theo Friedenau, founder of the Free Jurists, who has escaped several abduction attempts himself. Major General Lemuel Mathewson, U.S. commander in Berlin, fired off a protest to the Soviet authorities, citing the

collusion by Communist police. In Bonn, all members of the Bundestag except the Communists and the presiding officers (who have to stay) walked out on a speech by Max Reimann, the Communist leader in West Germany. Radio station RIAS cut Reimann's speech off the air, substituted music; and another station that carried Reimann's remarks in full was snowed under by complaints. West Berlin officials began installing street barriers of their own along the sector line.

At a mass meeting of 25,000 angry Berliners, West Berlin's Mayor Ernst Reuter cried: "Now our patience must



DR. WALTER LINSE
The most flagrant kidnaping.

have an end. We appeal to the whole world for help to this man." Said Dr. Friedenau: "Such violations . . . cannot be undone by mere protests." When a handful of Communist hecklers raised their voices, they were set upon and beaten by the angry crowd.

Bland Promise. The driver of the taxi was turned loose a few hours after the coup, but Walter Linse was still unheard from. For several days the East Berlin press ignored the fury on the other side of the line. Then, in an editorial headed "An American Agent Is Lost," the Communist *Neues Deutschland* trumpeted: "No war agent will be safe, whether he is in West Berlin, Bonn, Paris or Washington." U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy, who is leaving next week after three years at his post, used his farewell call on Chairman Vasily Chukov of the Soviet Control Commission to protest the kidnaping. Chairman Chukov promised to look into the matter, but added blandly that he hoped McCloy did not really think that the Soviet authorities were in any way involved.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Very Rev. Red

"There must be some way," mused London's *Daily Mail* last week, "of removing him from his high and ancient office." For the past five years, outraged churchgoers on both sides of the Atlantic have thought the same thought, as the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, dean of Canterbury Cathedral, cast one irresponsible political brickbat after another into the sanctified air surrounding his pulpit. Last week the best brains of Britain's church and state were doing their best to figure out a way to fire him.

It was no easy matter. The only grounds on which a clergyman of the Church of England may be fired are those of heresy or criminal conviction. But last week, 38 Tory backbenchers signed a motion in Parliament to ask the Queen herself to fire Johnson.

Thirteen Bob a Week. Johnson was picked for the deanship in 1931 by his friend, Laborite Ramsay MacDonald. When the "Red Dean" earned his first notoriety as a mere pink, nobody minded too much. Like a well-cast stock actor clothed in Episcopal gaiters, his shining pate tonsured by nature and surrounded by a chaplet of pure white hair, Dr. Johnson looked the very picture of pious benignity, and his mildly leftist pronouncements were not too unfashionable at the time. The dean let it be known that he had started life as a mill hand at 13 shillings a week. He never bothered to tell them that his father owned the factory he worked in or that he rested nightly from his labors in a large estate known as Upton Grange in Macclesfield.

Dr. Johnson's pink tinge grew rosier during the Spanish civil war and rosier still during World War II, but the Reds were then Britain's "brave Russian allies." The real wave of indignation against Johnson's pronouncements in favor of Soviet Russia reached its crest early last year when the Red Dean journeyed to Moscow to accept a Peace Prize from Stalin. Beaming with pride over his achievement, the dean met the wave of demands for his resignation with the announcement that he had deposited the prize money (\$25,000 worth of rubles) in Moscow's Gosbank.

The Brains of Two Children. Last May the Red Dean took another trip—this time to Red China. He returned to Canterbury full of praise for the Communists and with what he said was "crushing evidence" that the allies were in fact conducting germ warfare in Korea. The evidence, shown to newsmen at a press conference, turned out to be 1) a massive scroll written entirely in Chinese, 2) a letter from a Chinese Anglican bishop who had not been to Korea, 3) the memory of a Chinese news broadcast during which two U.S. airmen had purportedly confessed to dropping germs. Had the



THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY

What can be done about him?

dean actually seen anyone sick as a result of germ warfare? Well, no—"but I saw the brains of two children who had died from encephalitis, an unusual disease for this time of the year."

He said that thousands of Chinese schoolchildren had been trained in anti-germ warfare; as soon as the alarm is given, the children spread over the countryside and gather up the germ-carrying insects with chopsticks. This was too much even for Britain's pink and gullible *New Statesman* and *Nation*, which had itself taken the germ charges seriously. Now it had to admit that they had been "laughed out of court" by the Red Dean's performance.

Actually, most Britons seemed agreed that the Red Dean is no longer a laughing matter. The question is what to do about him. Even though she is titular head of the established church, Queen Elizabeth is unlikely to break a centuries-old tradition by revoking the lifetime patent given by her grandfather, George V. "There can be little doubt," mourned the London *Times*, "that, if there were any lawful means of dispensing with his services, his ecclesiastical superiors would long since have adopted it."

Clean-Up Man

Communists, hoping to repeat in London the bloody Ridgway riots that greeted NATO Supreme Commander General Matthew B. Ridgway in Paris, failed to take the British character of their countrymen into account. When the Communists tried to spread leaflets, seven were arrested on charges of disorderly behavior and dropping "litter . . . otherwise than in a proper receptacle." Other comrades sneaked up to the U.S. embassy in tree-lined Grosvenor Square and daubed "Yank, Go Home" messages across the windshields of a line of U.S. cars.

Lieut. Colonel Lewis Ellis, assistant U.S. air attaché, caught a well-dressed Briton at work on his 1950 Buick. But when he got near, the colonel saw that the Englishman was scrubbing the car clean and had already scrubbed several others. "I was so mad when I saw what the Communists had done," he explained, "that I went straight out and bought a tin of paint remover . . ."

DENMARK

Tanker Rancor

The new, 13,000-ton tanker *Apsheron* neared her home port of Odessa this week, leaving a frothing wake of hard words and hurt feelings.

In 1949, Russia furnished Danish ship-builders with materials to build two \$3,000,000 tankers. That was two years before Congress passed the Battle Act, which empowers the President to cut off U.S. aid to countries caught sending strategic materials behind the Iron Curtain. The tanker deal was no secret, but not until last month did the U.S. protest officially, hinting strongly that aid to Denmark might vanish with the *Apsheron*.

Sorry, answered Foreign Minister Ole Bjoern Kraft, supported by the cabinet and all of Denmark's anti-Communist parties: a contract is a contract; Denmark must deliver the *Apsheron* now and her twin in late 1953. At week's end it looked as if the U.S. would have to give in. Ready for President Truman's decision was a recommendation by Mutual Security Administrator Averell Harriman that the U.S. continue its economic aid (\$20 million last fiscal year) to the Danes, in spite of the Battle Act. But the U.S. hopes to talk Denmark out of delivering the second tanker.

WESTERN EUROPE

Billion-Dollar Poker

Postwar Europe was like a medieval market town, trying to do business with 16 different kinds of money. Hungry Britain, the ironmonger and coal merchant, was earning more German marks than it knew what to do with, but not enough

kroner to buy eggs and bacon from Farmer Denmark. Italy, the green grocer, was picking up all the guilders it could use by selling oranges to Holland, but couldn't buy steel from France because it didn't have enough French francs. Almost every nation's larder was empty of the food and manufactures which its next-door neighbor was anxious to sell at cut rates.

What Europe needed was a good local bank, to issue loans, cash IOUs and convert one man's lire into another man's pounds. Marshall Planner Paul G. Hoffman proposed the European Payments Union (EPU), to do two things: 1) "liberalize" European trade by curing its ancient plague of import quotas and exchange controls; 2) act as a central clearinghouse through which the 18 Marshall Plan countries could make all their trading payments. The U.S. put up \$350 million to get the bank started; 18 members opened accounts, and EPU was in business, with a two-year lease on its premises.

Rules of the Game. EPU's billion-dollar monthly turnover resembles nothing so much as an all-night poker game. When the cards were dealt in 1950, every player had a tidy little stack of EPUs (one unit equals \$1), distributed according to size. Iceland was low man with \$15 million; the vast sterling area, which was admitted as a single trading partner, got \$1.06 billion. If any nation went into debt, its IOUs were good, at least at the beginning. But the rules of the game made it tough on reckless losers: the more IOUs a nation wrote, the larger the proportion of its debts it would have to settle in gold or dollars, instead of in its local currency. A converse rule protected the bank from over-lucky winners: the more credits a nation piled up, the smaller percentage of



RIDGWAY RIOTER AT LONDON AIRPORT
For litterbugs, paint remover.

United Press

its surplus could be cashed in gold.

Then the game began:

¶ European trade peaked up from \$9.7 billion in 1950 to \$13 billion in 1951.

¶ EPU nations, coaxed by the U.S., agreed to "liberalize" their trade with one another by abolishing quotas and slashing exchange restrictions. At first EPU set a modest 60% as the proportion of each nation's trade to be freed. Today most nations, except Britain and France, have "liberalized" their commerce by 75%. Italy and Portugal are at 100%, i.e., free traders within EPU.

The Winners. But Korea upset the friendly game. Rearmament and worldwide inflation rocked the sterling area, sent French prices soaring, started a run on EPU's lending department. By last week, EPU's deficit with the dollar area was still a huge \$3.7 billion. Equally alarming, the Payment Union itself was out of balance. Some IOU's (e.g., Belgian francs, Swedish kronor) proved "harder" than others, easier to convert into dollars. The richer nations grew richer, the poor got poorer. Richest of all were the Belgians and their trade partners, the Luxembourgers, who had piled up an unmanageable EPU surplus of \$750 million.

Holding practically everybody else's IOU's, the Belgians are getting a little tired of the EPU game. They have been ostentatiously reaching for their coats with the astrakhan collars, and loudly announcing that with the game soon to be over ("We all agreed to a time limit, didn't we?"), the losers had better pay up.

The Losers. Biggest of the losers are Britain and France. France let inflation get out of hand, to the point where French prices once topped those of their neighbors by 20%. France lost \$420 million in intra-European trade in two years.

Britain, after a promising start, was hit by a worldwide slump in raw material prices which sent the whole sterling area sliding downhill, from an EPU surplus of \$76 million in April 1951 to a net cumulative loss of \$860 million at last month's audit. Desperately, Chancellor of the Exchequer Rab Butler slashed Britain's trade "liberalization" from 90% to a worse-than-ever 46%.

Yet even to the losers, the advantages of playing in the EPU game far outweighed the drawbacks of going it alone. Last week 18 stockholder nations held a solemn board meeting in the Château de la Muette, onetime Paris home of Baron Henri de Rothschild. They decided unanimously that, win or lose, the game must go on, at least for another year. But medievalism in the European economy was proving abominably hard to get rid of.



Sisu

HELSINKI, host to the Olympic Games, a city of 400,000, was abustle. Shop shelves were heavy with wares. Flaxen-haired girls in bright print frocks ate ice cream in the *Mannerheimtie*. In the busy streets, pedestrians hailed taxis and visitors alike with their "Hej!" (pronounced hay), which, like America's "Hi!", serves equally as well as a greeting, a toast, or a bid for attention.

Many of this week's visitors (see *SPORT*) were as interested in seeing how Finland, in the role of little David, stands off the big Goliath on its right, as in watching slim young men in gym suits do the running broad jump. They saw little in Helsinki to remind them of a menace ever present. As in West Berlin, the people who live closest to danger are calmest

about it. Less than a dozen miles from spotless, gleaming Helsinki itself, Russian guns firmly emplaced on Finnish soil are ready, if necessary, to reduce the pale architectural spectrum of Finland's capital to rubble. "Please don't write about that," a Finnish civil servant told a *TIME* correspondent in Helsinki last week. "We in Finland never mention Porkkala."

Porkkala is the name of a 150-sq. mi. enclave just west of Helsinki (see map) that Finland was forced to "lease" to Stalin by the Russian-dictated peace treaty of 1947. There on Finnish soil, behind a secrecy no Finn is allowed to penetrate, the Russians maintain a division of troops and train their long-range guns on the water lanes to Leningrad. The Russians allow Finnish trains from Helsinki to Turku to pass through Porkkala, but Russian locomotives (actually U.S.-made, sent under lend-lease) pull them, and the windows are sealed with sheet steel on the trip through the fortified zone.

There are other indignities forced upon them by victorious Russia: Petsamo (Pečenga) in the north and timber-rich Finnish Karelia on the east, both annexed by Russia in 1944. The Finns prefer to think and talk of the land they have left, vast (130,000 sq. mi.), rugged and beautiful, stretching high into the Arctic, where the sun shines day & night in summertime. It is a land of 60,000 gleaming lakes set in dark forests that sprawl over 80,000 square miles, land of granite-strewn farms stingy in yield, of busy, sober towns and endless stretches of bleak, inhospitable marsh and tundra. "We gave them 17,000 square miles of our territory and perhaps a quarter of our national wealth after the war," explained a Helsinki editor last week.

"But we will close our eyes to all the little slights and sacrifices as long as we can preserve the essence of our independence."

Dollar-Type. A nation of northern ostriches? Far from it. The Finns are not stupidly hiding their eyes from their future, but they are determined not to fall into another fight with a powerful and predatory next-door neighbor 66 times their size (in area, Finland is the sixth largest country in Europe; in population it is the third smallest). Under popular, 81-year-old President Juho Kusti Paasikivi and able, unpopular Agrarian Premier Urho Kekkonen, the Finns have learned to walk the nerve-racking path of independence like tight-rope walkers.

In free Finland, editorial writers may say what they like about Russia, but they carefully think before saying it. The café



ST. OLAF'S CASTLE ancient defender of Finland's Samoan-like country, was first overrun by Russians in 1714.

HELSINKI's busy, old-world Mannerheim Road leads to Parliament, modern apartment houses, and Olympic Stadium.





HOUSING DEVELOPMENT (seen from church steeple) shows "rebuilt Rovaniemi's new look"; Lapp capital was razed by Germans in 1944.



PIWOOD MILL near Savonlinna typifies extensive riverfront and lakeside industries based on Finland's 43,000,000 acres of forests.



TURKU SHIPYARDS have played major role in paying off Russia's huge war damage claims (\$2.5 million in goods).

RAPE FIELD at Kilo is indicative of intensive cultivation which enables 2,000,000 Finns to live off limited farmland.



arguer may damn Stalin to his heart's content, but he makes a joke instead. Finland's President proclaims publicly in the bleak tones of a bank examiner: "Our relations with Russia are friendly." In private he says wistfully, "Finland is a Western nation." Finland refused Marshall Plan aid on the ground that that would be entering an alliance against Russia, but it accepted a U.S. loan. When a newsmen remarked that this was a pretty fine distinction, Premier Kekkonen replied: "Well, we live on fine distinctions." A Finnish reporter recently described his country's new, elongated currency as "dollar-type," referring only to its size and shape. His editor blue-pencil'd the phrase: "We don't want to be needlessly offensive to the Russians."

Yet, four years ago, when Finland's Communists (a smaller group proportionally than those in France or Italy) were on the point of launching a full-blown Czech-type coup led by Minister of the Interior Leino, Finland's government fired the treacherous minister and ruthlessly purged all Reds from his police force. It was the boldest anti-Red gesture made by any free country in Europe since the war, but Moscow said not a word.

Paid in Full. At the armistice of September 1944, Russia handed vanquished Finland the stiffest reparations bill in recorded history, about 11% of her national income for eight years. The bill was carefully itemized. One-third was to be paid in the woodworking products which made up 80% of Finland's export earnings. Another third was to be paid in ships and cables, for which Finland would have to build new yards and import vast quantities of raw materials. The remaining third was to be paid in the products of heavy industry, for which Finland possessed neither the plants nor the material.

Russia's extortive demands were based solely on the fact that she needed these items. How Finland, without iron, coal or heavy industry, was to produce them was Finland's worry. Aware that failure meant Russian occupation, bruised and battered Finland went to work, mobilized her depleted manpower, rationed her resources, her food, her living space and her energy, built plants and bought raw materials. By the end of this year, she will have paid the staggering bill in full.

S-S-S. The Finnish 1,000-mark bill is engraved with a picture from mythology showing a band of naked people standing on a shore and looking wistfully out to sea. Finns today joke that the picture shows them waving to the last reparation ship. It is only a joke, however, for industrial Finland has emerged from doing the impossible, not naked and bankrupt, but riding on a wave of prosperity. Last year the sky-high prices for lumber and pulp all over the world sparked an export boom that more than doubled Finland's gold reserves and gave her a whopping \$135 million (31 billion Finnmark) trade surplus.

Prices have risen, but wages have risen much faster. A characteristically Scandi-

navian form of socialism (social security and worker welfare rather than nationalization) has eased the worker's lot everywhere. In Valkeakoski, one privately owned staple fiber factory provides lake-side homes for its workers, helpers for their wives when ill, fresh meat and vegetables from its own farms for their tables, a steamer for excursions, a hall for their drama society, an orchestra, a chess-club and an 89-bed hospital.

Against such competition, Finland's Communist Party, counting 16% of the national vote but virtually leaderless except for a spinster, twice-divorced Nordic Ana Pauker named Hertta Kuusinen, has only barely held its own. Nevertheless, along 800 miles of Russo-Finnish frontier, the Russian bear still lurks, all set to pounce. Why doesn't he? "Why kill



PRESIDENT PAAKONEN
International
Living on fine distinctions.

the cow you are milking?" say some sardonic Finns, but that is not the whole answer. Alone of all Russia's next-door neighbors, Finland has stayed outside the Iron Curtain.

"All of Finland," said a Finn last week, "can be found in three S's—the sauna, the schnapps and sisu." The sauna is the hardy Finn's favorite form of relaxation: a bath in superheated steam followed by a brisk beating with sharp twigs and a plunge into icy water. Schnapps is the national drink, a potent pick-me-up that can turn a stolid Scandinavian into a feral dervish. Sisu, a word old in the Finnish language, is mystic and untranslatable; roughly it means guts. It denotes the Finn's ability to pay his debts, to rout his enemies, to beat the odds on any bet without fuss or furor. Sisu is Finland's answer to Communism.

* Whose Finland-born father, Osto Kuusinen, is deputy chairman of the Presidium of Russia's Supreme Soviet.

FRANCE

And Then There Were Twelve

General Charles de Gaulle has often wagged his finger at his country's greatest weakness: too many gabby political parties, all too small. Last week De Gaulle's own party, the powerful Rally of the French People (R.P.F.), added one more splinter group to the eleven squabbling parties in the French National Assembly. Thirty Gaulist Deputies and five Senators who bolted R.P.F. in protest against its "negative and sterile attitude" towards Premier Antoine Pinay (TIME, July 14) formed something called the Independent Group for Republican and Social Action. Edmond Barrachin, the fast-talking Parisian columnist who led the revolt, was elected president. De Gaulle thereupon serenely announced that the defectors had not quit; they had been fired for refusing to obey orders.

The defection of the Barrachinistes cost R.P.F. its cock-of-the-walk No. 1 position in the National Assembly. Reduced from 115 seats to 85, the Gaulists now rank as No. 3 after Socialists (104 seats) and Communists (96). For Premier Pinay, the splintering was one more lucky break. Barrachin's group noisy insists that they are still Gaulists at heart, and that they would resist the Schuman Plan and the European Army as bitterly as De Gaulle himself. But on economic issues, about which Pinay cares most, the Barrachinistes would do their best to save the franc. They proved it last week by standing by Pinay in a confidence vote on the *échelle mobile*, a cost-of-living bill which ties wage hikes to price increases. It was the last vote of the Assembly's summer session and Pinay won it handily (267 to 216).

"Lucky" Pinay sighed with audible relief. His government is now safe until Oct. 7, when all twelve noisy parties in the National Assembly will be back with a fresh batch of troubles.

IRAN

Yes, But . . .

A fortnight ago, Mohammed Mossadegh, the Lion of Abadan, decided to survey his political fences after 14 months as Premier. He called a few Majlis leaders to his big beige brick house and asked: "Well, what do you think of my policies, generally?" Said a deputy, after a long pause: "We've always been in favor of everything you've done, Your Excellency, but . . ." Mossadegh cut in impatiently: "That's it! That 'but'! You approve of everything I do, but you always nullify it with a 'but'."

Last week, as 72-year-old Mossadegh was redesignated Premier by the newly elected Majlis (he had to resign formally and then be reappointed), the "but" kept trailing after him. The Majlis had overwhelmingly voted him in, but only after electing an anti-Mossadegh speaker. The 57-member Senate concurred, 14 to 1, but only because the majority present in the

half-empty chamber sat on its hands during the balloting. The young Shah pulled wires to get Mossadegh back in, but lectured him, during a private luncheon, on the urgent need for restoring economic order. The people supported him, but worried as unemployment spread, public works were abandoned, and government payrolls fell behind.

Iran couldn't see any other leader save Mossadegh, but having chosen him it wondered what to do next. Mossadegh himself was uneasy. This week, he appeared before a closed session of the Majlis and demanded unlimited powers for the next six months to deal with Iran's economic crisis. The Majlis must say yes, he added, with no buts about it.

CAMBODIA

The King Awakes

Lord Tennyson, looking for his imaginary land of the "mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters," might as easily have sung his hammock among the easygoing, soft-spoken people of Cambodia, smallest of French Indo-China's three Associated States (Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos), a kingdom watered by great slow rivers and sheltered by towering mountains.

Last week Cambodia's lingering peace was being disturbed by the trail-blazers of Communism, filtering across its eastern marchlands from Red-infested Viet Nam, raiding its villages, waylaying its merchants and preaching revolt in the Royal Khmer (i.e., Cambodian) army. The Reds posed as patriots, burning to liberate Cambodia from French imperialism; in fact they were the vanguard of an uglier imperialism: Communist China's. Waist-deep in swamp and jungle fighting in the Red River delta, the French could do little to defend their Cambodian protégés from Communist attack. Instead, the 3,000,000 Cambodians relied on their monarch, 29-year-old King Norodom Sihanouk.

First Things First. The King sits in his countinghouse in the many-templed Cambodian capital of Phnompenh (pop. 260,000), which a *TIME* correspondent visited last week. He had just sacked his Premier, Huy Kanthoul, for failing to put first things first, i.e., to get rid of Communism before getting rid of the French. Norodom shrewdly recognizes that an "independent" Cambodia would be a free gift to the Communists, if the French marched out. Last month he dismissed his nationalistic cabinet and took charge of the kingdom himself. His cabinet of princes (*TIME*, June 23), he announced, would stay in office for the next three years.

The King* succeeded his grandfather, King Sisowath II, in 1941. The Japanese army which occupied Phnompenh, kept its royal prisoner in his gilded cage; real

power in Cambodia was exercised by a shifty-eyed demagogue and Japanese puppet named Son Ngoc Thanh. After V-J day, Puppet Son Ngoc Thanh was sent to jail in France; the King enrolled as a student officer (honorary rank: brigadier general) at the French army's school of cavalry and armor. His Majesty was a brilliant student. He returned to his people in 1947 an excellent horseman, an accomplished linguist and an enthusiastic driver of fast sport cars.

Three Months of Begging. Sixty-five thousand saffron-robed bonzes (Buddhist priests) and the 12,000-man Khmer army welcomed him home. Dutifully he shaved his head and begged for his living for three months as custom prescribed. But the King was determined to emancipate Cambodia from the semi-feudal monarchy un-



KING NORODOM SIHANOUK
Life without sex.

der which it had slumbered for centuries. He pushed through a program of constitutional reforms which transformed his kingdom from an absolute into a parliamentary monarchy under French protection. Cambodians freely elected their own 75-man National Assembly.

The King stepped out of active politics and devoted his time to racing his 20 thoroughbreds, swimming in the palace pool, playing Monopoly with his friends and producing such slapstick comedies as *Two Murders in the Maginot Line*. As a special treat for visiting VIPs, His Majesty plays one of his own compositions (e.g., *Love Without Hope*) on the alto sax, accompanied by his private jazzband.

Bloodless Coup. Communist jibes soon took away the King's fun. Pardoned by the French, Son Ngoc Thanh returned to Phnompenh. His Phnompenh newspaper, *Khmer People Awake*, sowed disaffection in the royal army. Viet Minh Communist battalions, 10,000 strong, skirmished along Cambodia's borders, and Son Ngoc Thanh

cheered them on. Suddenly last month the King reacted. He closed down *Khmer People Awake*. Son Ngoc Thanh ducked off to join a band of Red guerrillas.

The King's resumption of power has gone off bloodlessly. Norodom I's way of life has changed. Gone are the days of fast cars and jazzbands. Working against time to strengthen Cambodia's army, its economy and its morale against a Communist onslaught, the young King laments: "I can't get home in time for lunch."

SOUTH AFRICA

Military Joke

At Pretoria's Zwartkop air base one day last week, a bareheaded officer of the South African Air Force snapped to attention before a grim court-martial. The accused was Group Captain Arthur French Shuttleworth, a veteran bomber pilot who won Britain's Distinguished Flying Cross during World War II. Shuttleworth was charged with "scandalous behavior, unbecoming to an officer and gentleman," because he had 1) cracked a bottle of mixed pickles at a photograph of South Africa's Nationalist Defense Minister Francois Christian Erasmus, and 2) dropped the offending photograph into a nearby fishpond.

Defendant Shuttleworth is going blind. Both his eyes were permanently injured in 1941 when he pulled his dying navigator out of the wreckage of his bomber. Ostensibly because of his medical condition, South Africa's general staff last week abruptly quashed the charges against Shuttleworth in the midst of the hearing. The court-martial found him "Not Guilty," and even the prosecutor applauded the decision.

The fact is that almost all of South Africa's airmen resent the Nationalist order that Erasmus' picture must be hung in mess halls and barracks. Erasmus is a lawyer who has had no military experience, spent World War II demanding that his country make peace with Hitler.

Behind Shuttleworth's acquittal lay more than soft-headedness on the part of Prime Minister Daniel Malan's hardhearted government. The Nationalists are thoroughly alarmed by the uproar provoked in South Africa's armed forces by Defense Minister Erasmus' highhanded attempt to oust veterans of World War II in favor of Nationalist political toadies (*TIME*, March 24). The troops responded by:

¶ Beating up Erasmus in Capetown a month ago.

¶ Frightening Interior Minister Theophilus Donges to the point where he ordered

seven cops to stand guard while he had his hair cut.

By last week, the Nationalist government could no longer rely on the discipline of its regular forces, which are the largest and most modern in Africa. South Africa's 30,000-man army, a seasoned combat force under Good Soldier Jan Smuts (whom Erasmus kicked out), has become a military joke, badly equipped and riddled with political intrigue.

* Full name and title: Preah Bat Samdach Preah Norodom Sihanouk. Varman Reach Hari-vong Upthato Suicheat Visothipong Akamaboras Rat Nikromodet Mohareachethireas Baramoneas Rat Baramabopit Preah Chau Anachak Kampuchea.

Sometime in his life,
almost every man
dreams of being a

BIG LEAGUER

"Want the regular, Mr. Cunningham—medium on the sides and clipper in back? Fine. Would you mind holding your paper up for a minute so I can get this cloth set? There, that does it.

"I see you're reading about Skipper Drake, too. He's doing all right for himself, isn't he?

"Sure, it's a lot of money. But I guess

Skipper is worth it. He's the best hitter in the league and a terrific drawing card. Guess the club can well afford to pay him eighty thousand a year.

"Maybe you didn't know it, Mr. Cunningham, but I used to play a little baseball myself—thirty, thirty-five years ago. Did it for fun, mostly. But I always had a kind of sneaking ambition to get on a big-league team. You know—play my way to fame and fortune and all that.

"Never made it, though. It's like that with a lot of kids, I guess. You dream of being a big leaguer or a great inventor or a captain of industry or something—and then you wind up just doing a job.

"It used to worry me that I wasn't on my way to being a millionaire. And after I got married and started raising a family I tried to figure out all kinds of ways to make a heap of money in a hurry.

"A little more off the top? Why sure, Mr. Cunningham.

"You know Ted Barrows, the New York Life agent down the street? Yes, I guess, most everybody in town does. Well, Ted's the man who set me right about the whole thing, back about twenty-five years ago. He was in here one day, in this same chair, getting a haircut just like you, and we got to talking about exactly this sort

of thing. 'I'll tell you,' Ted said to me, 'What really counts isn't how much money you make, but how much security and peace of mind you buy with what you do make.'

"Well, one word led to another, as they say, and before long Ted Barrows was back here showing me how, just by putting the price of a few haircuts into life insurance every so often, I could set up a fund for my family in case I died and at the same time start building something for my own old age.

"I guess the reason I'm telling you all this is that the other night Marie and I finally decided to sell the shop and move to the little place up in the country where we've been spending our vacations. It's nothing fancy, but it'll do—especially with our daughter married and young Joe working in Chicago.

"No, I never got to be a Skipper Drake or anything like that, but I figure I've done pretty well for my family and myself over the years, at that.

"Haircut look all right to you? Thanks very much, Mr. Cunningham—and come in again. I'll probably be busy fishing, but the new man will take good care of you."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

INTERNATIONAL

CHANCELLERIES

Eviction Notice

Eighteen years ago, just after the U.S. formally recognized the Soviet Union, an unknown young U.S. Foreign Service officer named George F. Kennan sat down with the Russians to negotiate the lease on a new seven-story building at 13-15 Mokhovaya, only a stone's throw across a square from the Kremlin. It became the main building of the U.S. Embassy. Last week Kennan, now the U.S. Ambassador to Russia, got his eviction notice. He was told to pack by Dec. 31.

Whether this was a legitimate request or just one more form of Russian harassment, Kennan could not be sure. The Russians said they need the place for expanding Moscow University, which is next door. The embassy building, erected in 1933 to house Soviet artists and composers, costs the U.S. an annual rent of 250,000 rubles (about \$62,500). Shoddily made and shy of electrical outlets for the gadget-loving Americans, 13-15 Mokhovaya also has its advantages—it is only a mile from the Ambassador's residence (a pre-revolutionary palace called Spaso House), and has a window on the Kremlin, across a couple of acres of police-guarded asphalt.

The real test will be what kind of quarters Kennan can find. It's all up to the only landlord in Russia, the state.

WAR IN KOREA

The Right Track

After hitting the North Korean power sites in June, and the North Korean officer-candidate school last fortnight, General Mark Clark's headquarters in Tokyo, looking around for more assault points, decided on the ripening military targets in and around Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. These included warehouses crammed with ammunition and other war gear, telephone, rubber and ammunition factories, railroad repair shops and marshaling yards, a motor pool, a Chinese communications center, a troop replacement area. Three weeks ago allied reconnaissance planes began dropping leaflets warning the people of Pyongyang to stay away from military installations. "United Nations forces cannot be responsible for your death," the leaflets said, "if you ignore this warning."

One day last week U.N. fighter-bombers flew 350 sorties against the Pyongyang targets. The planes were flown by U.S., British, South African, Australian and South Korean pilots; some were from carriers, including Britain's *Ocean*. They dropped 700 tons of bombs, thousands of gallons of napalm, left their targets blasted and burning. More than 100 U.S. Sabre and Australian Meteor jets flew top cover, drove off the few MiGs that tried to interfere. Only one plane—a Thunderjet—was lost to Pyongyang's formidable flak.



U.S. EMBASSY IN MOSCOW
The landlord wants it back.

Night brought no respite to the enemy capital. Fifty-four B-29 bombers from Japan and Okinawa went over and took care of targets specially reserved for them in the city's northwest corner—more repair shops, a troop center, a headquarters for several Communist armies. Flak was feeble; all the big bombers returned safely.

The Communist enemy responded to the U.S.'s pressure program with a counterattack—not a military counterattack, which might have been costly, but a psychological one. The enemy repeated the fiction (very useful to him in the past) that U.N. pressure is a "provocation" which is "impairing" the truce talks (in secret session last week and reported to be going fairly well). The Peking radio shrilled that the Pyongyang raids were "directed at Paris, London, New York and Moscow—at a new world war." Red China's Foreign Minister Chou En-lai charged that U.N. planes had crossed the Yalu and attacked the great Manchurian air base at Antung (a possible real target in the future).

All this was a cheap psychological smokescreen. The U.S. and the U.N. have at long last awakened to the fact that the military struggle and the struggle under the truce tents are two interlocking phases of the same battle, and have got on the strategically right track.

Wretched Capital

One day last week a bearded Korean elder, dignified and prim in starched white robe and black horsehair hat, picked his way along a reeking, rancorous, filth-strewn alley in Pusan. He ignored the ragged, swarming children and the whining beggar women, who envied the succulent

prize which the old man had in his hand. It was the gamy carcass of an alley cat and it was headed for the cooking pot.

Ten-Mile Stench. Pusan is a city of filth, poverty and disease—yet it is the major supply port of the Korean war. Its harbor is jam-packed with ships from nearly a score of nations, bringing in fresh men and equipment, taking out the wounded and sick and wrecked or worn-out equipment. Pusan's days & nights are noisy with the clatter of U.S. military traffic, ancient taxis, rachitic streetcars (some from Atlanta), and the snorting and lowing of oxen. In dry weather dust all but obscures the city's one traffic light, which is attended by a listless Korean cop. In wet weather the streets are covered by an evil black slime. Sailors say that Pusan's stench can be detected ten miles out at sea.

Part of Pusan's plight is that of any squaled Oriental port, but much is due to the war. Refugees have swollen the population from 400,000 to 1,000,000. Many have no place to sleep except a pile of grimy rags in the streets or huts made of discarded U.S. Army canvas. Food is scarce and prices are high, even for those with jobs. Rice for a family of four or five costs \$60 a month; Pusan wages run from \$10 to \$15 monthly.

Most pathetic victims are the children. Of the 70,000 homeless children in South Korea, 10,000 are in Pusan. Some are mere toddlers, squatting numbly in the gutters, devoured by flies by day, by rats at night. The older children get along by stealing, begging, pimping, shining shoes. Most of them, like Choi Jung Mook, fear another winter of war.

"I Have a Cough." Choi Jung Mook is six years old. Last week he was living with four other boys in a corner of the Pusan railway station. A TIME reporter asked Choi what he will do when winter comes again. "When it is cold again," said Choi impassively, "I shall die." Why did he say that? "Because the last time it was cold, my brother died. He had a cough. Now I have a cough. So the next time it is cold I shall die."

There are still a few moneyed Koreans in Pusan. By decrees and posters, Syngman Rhee's government has tried to discourage the flaunting of luxuries—yet smugglers do a thriving business in watches, cameras, cosmetics, silks, velvets. The new *Mijin* ("Beautiful Progress") Hotel is thronged with those who can pay as much as \$15 for a room, \$5 for a meal, 75¢ for beer, 50¢ for coffee. The only acceptable money in the Beautiful Progress is U.S. currency or checks.

Yet the most wretched of the poor in wretched Pusan know that things could be worse. The 600,000 refugees in the city are people who accepted every hardship to flee the North Korean Communists. On Pusan's grimy walls there are no signs denouncing Wall Street imperialism or urging the Yanks to go home.

Now
see for
yourself
why
LUCKIES
TAKE
BETTER!



See for yourself why
Luckies taste
so CLEAN and FRESH
and MILD!

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Make sure it's from a newly opened pack and that you don't dig into or disturb the tobacco. Now, gently lift out the tobacco and compare it with any other cigarette.



You'll see Lucky Strike doesn't fall apart, but remains a perfect cylinder of fresh, clean tobacco—round, firm, fully packed. And note how fine Luckies are from air spaces or "hot spots" that smoke harsh and dry—from annoying loose ends. That's why Luckies always smoke smoothly, evenly—give you that fresh, mild, clean taste.



You've seen that Luckies are made better—to taste better. Now light up a Lucky. You can taste the difference! For Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—long strands of fresh, clean, good-tasting tobacco in the cigarette that's made better—to taste better! So, make your next carton—Lucky Strike!

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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Bulletin from the Sickbed

There was no longer any doubt about it: Eva Perón was desperately ill. Last week, in the first official bulletin on her health since her operation, probably for cancer, last November, Argentina learned that she was abed for a "complete rest," her condition "unsatisfactory." Subsequent bulletins reported "no change whatsoever."

At the request of the Foreign Office, the French ambassador canceled the gay show scheduled for Bastille Day this week at the Colón Opera House; four other diplomatic parties were called off. Juan Perón spent most of his time at Eva's



EVA PERÓN
Monuments will rise.

bedside in the secluded presidential residence in suburban Olivos.

Since her operation Eva Perón made public appearances only at the opening of Congress in May and at the June 4 presidential inauguration, where her mink coat hung like a shroud. In the meantime, her followers have whipped up countless new tributes. Last week labor leaders ordered every wage earner in the country to give a day's pay toward building monuments to her. Reportedly, their plan was to build \$42 million worth of spires, each 210 ft. tall, topped with statues of Eva, to stand in each of the provincial and territorial capitals in Argentina, and also in Buenos Aires' famed Plaza de Mayo.

BRAZIL

Comrades Exposed

The man Brazilian Communists hate the most is Carlos Lacerda, hard-driving editor of Rio's *Tribuna da Imprensa*, who has crusaded against the Red menace in Brazil since his days as a bright young

columnist. Last week Lacerda was on another anti-Red crusade. Day after day he front-paged photostated evidence—letters, government records, police reports—that Brazil's foreign ministry is infested with Communists.

Listing names, dates and places, Lacerda cited four consuls, two chargés d'affaires and three home-office functionaries as Reds. The chief coddler of the Communists, Lacerda said, is Career Diplomat Orlando Leite Ribeiro, "a personal friend of Communist Leader Luís Carlos Prestes." After Leite Ribeiro became head of the foreign ministry's administration department in 1951, charged *Tribuna*, Reds were brought into the ministry and Reds already in the foreign service got remarkable promotions. Items: A woman Communist was hired as a code clerk in the home office, where she is in position to learn diplomatic codes and read top secret messages; a Communist consul in the Dominican Republic was transferred to Greece and made chargé d'affaires; another known Communist was jumped from consul third class in El Salvador to chargé d'affaires in that country.

So far, only one of the nine named as Reds has answered Lacerda's accusations, and that one got a quick comeuppance. Normelio Ramos, an official in the ministry's economic division, wrote a letter stating flatly that he was "not connected with the Communist Party." Lacerda printed the letter along with a reply: "In 1945 Normelio Ramos was enrolled in a Communist cell . . . His registration for the presidential election of 1945 was as a Communist Party member under the number 5/420. If he wants further details, let him give us a power of attorney so that we can obtain certified copies of the records in his long police dossier."

Brazil's government is hostile to Lacerda, who has thrown verbal punches at many a government bigwig, from President Getúlio Vargas down. But his reports are too well documented to be ignored. The foreign ministry replaced the chargé d'affaires in El Salvador, recalled an accused consul from London, announced that a three-man commission would be formed to look into Lacerda's allegations.

Another Rio newspaper, *Correio da Manhã*, also brought to light some startling information about Communism in Brazil. The information concerned Amador Cisneiros do Amaral, a government attorney serving as chief prosecutor of a batch of army officers accused of Communist activity. Cisneiros proved to be a most reluctant prosecutor. He belittled the state's own evidence, even refused to admit the authenticity of documents that prisoners themselves had identified. Last week *Correio* offered an explanation of Cisneiros' reluctance: he has a long history of Communist affiliation. Shortly afterward, Cisneiros' boss announced that the case had been taken out of the reluctant prosecutor's hands.



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PEOPLE

The Beautiful People

Health Culturist **Bernarr** ("Body Love") **Macfadden**, who celebrated his 83rd birthday last summer by parachuting into the Hudson River, was still muscle-bent on proving his favorite adage: "This business of growing old is all nonsense." His plans for celebrating his 84th birthday next month: a trip to England and a parachute leap into the Thames.

In Manhattan, **Christine** ("Cee Cee") **Cromwell**, 29, heiress to part of the Dodge auto fortune, celebrated a Virgin Islands divorce from her third husband, Richard Hoffmann Jr. "I got my second divorce on the advice of my psychiatrist," said Cee Cee, who runs a successful Virgin Islands nightclub. "I got this one on the advice of my banker."

At a seaside villa in Santa Marinella, Italy, some 20 photographers arrived to record the latest production of **Ingrid Bergman** and **Roberto Rossellini**: the debut of their 21-day-old twin daughters, christened Isotta Ingrid Frieda Giuliana and Isabella Fiorella Elettra Giovanna.

Aly Khan, whose expensive hobbies are entertaining beautiful women and racing fine horses, made hotel reservations for a trip to the U.S. to shop at the annual sale of thoroughbred yearlings at Saratoga Springs next month.

In London, **Margaret Truman** was getting the VIP tour. Highlights: a 90-minute tour of Scotland Yard, lunch with Prime Minister **Winston Churchill**, tea at Buckingham Palace along with some 7,000 other guests at the first garden party given by **Queen Elizabeth II**, dinner at the home of **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, where guests enjoyed "a very subdued singsong or community hum." The trip, said Mar-

garet, has a two-fold purpose: to give her voice a rest and to escape from politics. Said she: "I've been to the last four conventions; I've served my time."

In Manhattan, where he is wielding a guest baton at Lewisohn Stadium, San Francisco's French-born Conductor **Pierre Monteux** decided it was high time to explain the discrepancy between his white moustache and black hair and to deny again the rumor that his hair is dyed. Said he: "My moustache is white from kissing the girls. But my hair is true black. Anyone is welcome to come with alcohol, with shampoo, with anything, to wash my hair and prove it."

The Political Animal

At an official lunch in Godthaab, Poul Hugo Lundsteen, Governor of Greenland, spread a Viking's banquet board for Denmark's visiting King **Frederik** and Queen **Ingrid**. The menu: spiced walrus fin, skin of narwhal, fresh Greenland shrimp, salmon, lamb, white grouse, auk pie, liver-paste of seal, sweet Greenland radishes, topped off with soda pop and champagne.

In Pittsburgh, after a jury trial found him guilty under the state's anti-sedition law, **Steve Nelson**, 49, western Pennsylvania Communist Party chairman (also accused by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948 of passing atomic secrets to the Russian vice consul in San Francisco), was sentenced to 20 years in jail, fined \$10,000 and court costs.

In London, for the *New York Times*, a reporter asked the Labor Party's **Aneurin Bevan** how he really felt about Prime Minister **Winston Churchill**. The answer: "I've always looked upon him as more of an artist than an intellectual. This is to be seen most clearly in his speeches.



United Press
CAPTAIN TED WILLIAMS

After three years, a refresher.

He takes enormous care preparing them. **Lloyd George** once said to me, 'When Churchill has made a speech, he thinks he has won a battle.' Lloyd George made it clear he considered that Mr. Churchill's excessive preoccupation with words was a great weakness . . . It is Mr. Churchill's awareness that he is fundamentally a man of letters which compels him all the time to insist he is really a man of action. He is not a great orator, because careful preparation beforehand is not the way oratory is produced . . . His most endearing quality is his mental generosity. He never spares himself in conversation . . . He gives himself so generously that hardly anybody else is permitted to give anything in his presence."

Yesterday & Tomorrow

What with the Memorial Theater, Anne Hathaway's cottage and the constant stream of tourists, the citizens of Stratford on Avon (pop. 15,000) decided that Famous Son **William Shakespeare** was too much with them these days. To satisfy their complaints, the town council voted to spend up to \$560 a week to bring ordinary vaudeville shows to a local music hall.

At Cherry Point, N.C., photographers caught the former Boston Red Sox outfielder **Ted Williams** warming up in another league. Recalled to active duty in the Marine Corps last May, Captain Williams, who served three years with the Marines in World War II, one of them as aviation instructor at Pensacola, is getting a refresher course in the finer points of fighter planes.

For the first time since a sudden and serious operation put him on the sick list last spring, Air Force Chief of Staff **Hoyt S. Vandenberg** visited his Pentagon office last week. If all goes well, he expects to be back on full-time duty next month or early in September.



INGR'D BERGMAN, ROBERTO ROSELLINI & TWINS
After three weeks, a debut.

International

PERSONALITY

DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK is not a public figure, but he has more leverage on tomorrow than many men who are. In six years his 35¢ Pocket Book on baby care has sold more than 4,000,000 copies, which puts it in a class with the dictionary and the Bible. Millions of mothers regard him as an oracle, parents turn out 5,000 strong to hear him lecture, and other pediatricians joke that their main job is to interpret him. One mother stands a little in awe of her child because he was examined by the doctor in school. "I look at Henry," she told a friend, "and I think, he has seen Dr. Spock!" If their mothers are as well as buying "The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care," one of every five newborn babies in the U.S. is a Spock baby.

Thirty years ago the main concern of parents was to keep their babies on schedule (regular on the bottle and on the pot), disciplined, and free of germs. Then the rules changed. Babies were to be treated as individuals from birth; cuddling was to be considered as important as cleanliness, and strong discipline a measure that can usually be avoided. Dr. Spock did not pioneer the new attitude, but he explained it better than anyone else by showing how it applies in a hundred commonplace situations, as when a baby takes up the habit of banging his head against the wall, or when a boy will eat only hamburgers, bananas and soda pop. The basic rule underlying all Spock's advice about children is simple: "Relax—love and enjoy them."

When he began to write his book in 1943, Dr. Spock was 40, a father and successful Manhattan practitioner who had dosed himself with pediatrics, psychology and psychoanalysis while keeping a manner as easy and friendly as a country doctor's. He still has the crew cut, healthy good looks and spontaneous guffaw of a college boy, still manages his 6 ft. 4 in. with the lanky ease that helped send him to the Olympics in 1924 as one of the best oarsmen Yale ever produced. After college he got most of his exercise on the dance floor. With friends, he hired a hall and an orchestra for \$1.50 weekly dances in Manhattan (known as Dr. Spock's Dancing Academy or the Don't Tread on Me Club). Once, at the stylish Persian Room, he danced so well with his attractive wife that everyone else edged off the floor to watch them.

He has few inhibitions and no intellectual pretensions. He likes to lecture informally, sitting on the edge of a table, and his earnestness and homely jokes win audiences varying from philanthropists to student doctors. When he wants to press a point with parents, he's a shameless exhibitionist, twisting his face with surprised disgust to imitate a baby spitting out the food crammed into it by a too-resolute mother.

SPOCK calls his lifework "preventive psychiatry." His book on baby care was conceived as a phase of that work and, like half a dozen other projects, was carried out in his spare time. He started it during a summer vacation and worked on it practically every night for two years, from nine until after midnight, dictating to his wife to give it an easy, conversational tone. He finished it after joining the Navy in 1944 as a psychiatrist in charge of severe disciplinary cases. When he got his overseas orders, the book had still to be indexed. The publishers urged him to leave the job to a professional, but Spock is a fussy man, and he felt he knew best what mothers would be looking for. So on the hot, week-long troop-train ride from New York to San Francisco, while a beer party flowed at one end of his Pullman and a petty officer noisily snored in the seat opposite, Lieut. Commander Spock patiently indexed away, his lap lost under galley proofs and long sheets which slowly filled up with

1,500 entries like "Bottle feeding—bubbling," and "Bedtime—keeping it happy."

Part of Spock's drive stems, perhaps, from the fact that he was not a Spock baby himself. His father was a successful New Haven lawyer who resembled and respected Calvin Coolidge, and his mother was a forceful New England woman with strict views. She prides herself on having brought up her six children with toe-the-line discipline. "If all parents today were as strict as I was, we wouldn't have so many brats and little vandals," she says. Ben was seldom allowed to do what most other boys did, and he suffered accordingly. He and his younger sister Hitty were sent to a small fresh-air school where they sat in felt bags on cold days, emerging at intervals to warm themselves by folk dancing on a wooden platform. Even at ten Ben towered over his contemporaries, and his folk dancing was a favorite entertainment of the boys in the nearby public school, who came to the windows expressively to enjoy it. Ben was mortified, but not Mrs. Spock. "Don't pay any attention to them," she told him. "You know you are right."

HIS UNCONVENTIONAL and Spartan childhood apparently did Ben little harm, but he considers this no argument for inflicting the same kind of thing on others. "It's all right if you survive," he says. "Too many don't." He spent much of his boyhood cringing or running away from something, but his well-trained legs proved useful at Andover, where he made the track team and, in general, caught up with the rest of the boys. At Yale he was a social success. At medical school he rose to the head of his class. He was one of the first doctors to intern in both pediatrics and psychiatry.

But it looked in 1933 as though no one wanted a pediatrician with or without psychiatry. For several years Spock failed to make enough money to pay his Manhattan office rent. Then, one by one, patients came, and both mothers and children thronged on the friendliness and reassurance of the young doctor who was as interested in finding out

how a boy got along with his new baby sister as he was in giving inoculations. He was something of a presence, especially to little girls. "When he patted the glands in your throat, you felt you'd been blessed," one ex-patient remembers with a sigh. He wore a business suit rather than a white coat which might seem strange to little children, and he made a game of their regular check-ups—designing a special structure up which they willingly scrambled to be poked and thumped. His enormous practice wasn't built on gadgets, however, but on a simpler secret: that it's just as important to give mothers confidence as it is to give them advice. A little boy, for example, may stop wetting the bed if his mother can talk out her fears to the doctor and become convinced that she's doing an important job well.

DR. SPOCK no longer takes private patients. A year ago he became Professor of Child Development in the medical school of the University of Pittsburgh, with a free hand to inject a shot of child psychiatry wherever he can in the city. Directly or indirectly, he reaches thousands of children in schools, clinics, and hospitals. He likes to work with only a few people at a time, and can often be found in a basement room of a city public-health center, sitting in a circle of painted wooden chairs with a dozen social workers, nurses, doctors and interns, balancing a coffee cup on his knee and discussing why one child doesn't get along well in school or why another catches so many colds.

Some doctors point out that much of his advice is intuitive, since little is known about the emotional life of children. A few mothers complain that he makes things sound too easy. But the book sales click along as steadily as the birth rate, and Dr. Spock gets a daily drift of thank-you letters from grateful parents. Their children have yet to be heard from.

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One Big Stage

For 70 hours last week, from the opening gavel to the nomination, television's three big networks* carried the story of the convention to 18 million U.S. homes, offices and bars, drawing an estimated 70 million people to the screen for lessons in politics, parliamentary procedure and citizenship. The candidates and their managers found television an invaluable intelligence service; some newsmen decided that they could cover the show best at their ease before a TV screen (see PRESS).

An Outstretched Hand. Television's relentless cameras (more than 70 were deployed) caught some memorable pictures—the proud profile of Keynoter

convention drama. By demanding the right to cover the Credentials Committee session, TV aligned itself with the Eisenhower "fair play" forces; before the committeemen yielded to TV's demands, 10,000 listeners fired in angry telegrams protesting the Taftmen's closed-door rule.

Everyone an Actor. But there was much that television missed. The camera failed to pick up such dramatic moments as Tom Dewey's walkout during Dirksen's nominating speech for Taft. At critical points in the proceedings it often seemed unsure where to look, fall back on meaningless long shots of the convention floor.

Most of the TV commentators were tiredly commonplace, some were plainly



PEEPIE-CREEPIE IN ACTION AT CHICAGO
Some memorable pictures, but nothing in the middle.

Sy Friedman

Douglas MacArthur; the hand of defeat-bob Taft, which, like a numb limb, remained outstretched long after his handshake with Ike; the small drama of eager hands passing a microphone along during a delegation poll.

TV also caught some intimate close-ups that most of those present failed to see—the grim, set face of an elderly woman as she swayed and clapped to music and speeches; the sight of Committee Secretary Mrs. Charles Howard slipping off her shoes before advancing to the rostrum. Its microphones eavesdropped on some private remarks, e.g., Mrs. Howard to National Committee Chairman Guy Gabrielson: "No, dear, I know that I'm supposed to read it down to here"; and Herbert Hoover to the operator of the stalled Teleprompter from which he read his speech: "Go on, go on."

For good or bad, television at times found itself an active participant in the

uninformed, and all were occasionally inaccurate (one tentatively identified a delegate on the convention floor as the Democrats' Senator Estes Kefauver). Smooth-talking Walter Cronkite (CBS) delivered the most lucid flow of comment and information. Runners-up: NBC's Bill Henry and ABC's John Daly and Martin Agronsky, with seasoned Newsman Elmer Davis providing his Indiana-accented commentaries.

The sheer weight of equipment often kept television far behind the fast-breaking news. And before the show was over, some of those watching were beginning to wonder if television and its ubiquitous reporters had not managed to turn what was essentially a serious meeting into a sort of vaudeville act. Said one foreign newsmen: "Everyone has the feeling of being an actor in a show. It is a fallacy of democracy that everything has to be continually decided by popular vote. You need something in the middle, an element of reflection." Added CBS's Ed Murrow

♦ A fourth, Du Mont, shared CBS's pictures.

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GOOD  **YEAR**
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"Does it sort out the charlatan from the statesman? Are we quite sure that Father Coughlin and Huey Long wouldn't have been bigger with the help of television? You can't stop the picture and say, 'Go look at his voting record.'"

Walkie-Talkies & Periscopes. Yet it was to TV's credit that viewers everywhere could get a comprehensive picture at all. The three big networks alone had more than 1,000 people on the job, along with a vast assortment of tape recorders, hand milers, minicorders, walkie-talkies, peepie-creepies and periscopes (TIME, July 14). In the main control room in a little room off the first balcony, Pool Director Bob Doyle (of ABC) sat on a high stool scanning TV screens from seven cameras, selecting the picture to go out over the air. In addition to the pool, each network placed cameras at strategic spots around the city, and frequently left the pool to follow its own stories.

For many—including the millions of bleary-eyed viewers—the convention ended none too soon. Announcers and crews were probably all as tired as one nerve-racked ABC announcer who stood outside Eisenhower's hotel room before the general left to make his acceptance speech. Shouted the announcer, as he tried to fight his way out of a maze of wires, legs, cameras and people: "We're waiting for the general now. We don't know when he'll come out. And frankly, I don't care any more."

Nine More for TV

The FCC started parcelling out licenses for new TV stations last week, only a few days after it began going through its backlog of more than 500 applications (TIME, July 14). Nine TV-less cities got the go-ahead: Portland, Ore., New Bedford and Springfield-Holyoke, Mass., Youngstown, Ohio, Flint, Mich., Bridgeport and New Britain, Conn., York, Pa., and Denver. But Denver is still in for a wrangle. The FCC has ordered hearings for the two rivals who want channel 4—station KMYR, and the new Metropolitan Television Co., of which Bob Hope is a major stockholder.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 18. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

American Forum of the Air (Sun. 10:30 p.m., NBC & NBC-TV). Democratic Candidates Kefauver, Kerr, Russell, Harriman.

Democratic Convention (Mon. through Thurs., 12:30 p.m. and 9:30 p.m., all radio & TV networks).

TELEVISION

Politics on Trial (Sat. 6 p.m., ABC). "The Republican and Democratic Platforms"; with Illinois' ex-Senator C. Wayland Brooks (for the Republicans), Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas (for the Democrats).

All Star Summer Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Buster Keaton, Walter O'Keefe.

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...one-third of industry's money is invested in its shipping bill.

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before you buy that new plant site or that new warehouse facility...

consult your industrial traffic expert. Ask him the big question,

"What's it going to cost to ship goods in and out?"

It could change your mind about location.

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These are the companies who did ask about Traffic transportation facilities; inquired about strategic locations for better service to customers. They found out the difference in cost between warehousing and other transportation possibilities. And they can answer a dozen of the other \$64 questions that your Traffic Manager will ask, to help you make a better site selection... and maybe save you millions over the years.

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In three-fourths of the companies using storage facilities, the traffic department works in close cooperation with Sales. Sales looks at the problem with the thought of better service to the customer. Traffic

considers the marketing area that's to be covered.

The traffic department looks at it from the shipping cost angle... year in and year out, both to you and your customer.

Will the new site give you full benefit of the lowest freight rates? How about carload rates to break-bulk points? How about all the methods of transportation? How about the character of service?

Just a Reminder

If you contemplate building or buying a new warehouse, or plant... take a tip from the way some of the most alert companies arrive at their decision.

Take your traffic executive into your confidence for the most strategic location of new facilities. The transportation facts and figures he comes up with, could make the site selection... more useful... less costly to everyone. As we say, you might even tear up the original blueprint.



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The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as one of the great carriers of merchandise freight in the country, is vitally interested in any plan that will move more goods, more efficiently. That's why we sponsor this series of advertisements about the Traffic Manager and his job. The Traffic Man is management's answer to better and more economical movement of material.

EDUCATION

Final Exams

Despite his success at breaking down the legal wall of segregation that has long surrounded higher education in Texas, Heman Sweat, 39, the first Negro admitted to the University of Texas law school, found the study of law a much tougher proposition. Last year he flunked out. But Dean Page Keeton gave Sweat permission to try once more. Last week, in make-up exams, Sweat failed again.

Disappointed at his failure, Heman Sweat is still sure that his time has not been wasted. Said he: "There were no incidents. I may have lost my personal ambition, but I think the manner in which others are getting along with the white students proves it can work."

School for SHAPE

Military men in the uniforms of half a dozen different nations mingled with proud mothers and officials of France's Ministry of Education one day last week on the lawn of the old château of St. Germain-en-Laye, twelve miles northwest of Paris. A French military band finished the slow beat of *Swanee River* and swung into the lilting rhythm of *Marching Through Georgia*. It was the first "Commencement Day" for the international school set up this year for the children of SHAPE Village.

SHAPE's rank-happy kids had hoped for Supreme Commander Matt Ridgway at their end-of-the-term prize-giving. At the last minute, important NATO business kept him away. Four-star General Gruenther couldn't make it either. But Mrs. Gruenther came, and SHAPE's U.S. liaison officer, bemused Anthony J.

Drexel Biddle Jr., a brigadier general, made the awards.

For Harmony. Despite the lack of SHAPE's shiniest brass, the ceremony was a tribute to the foresight of SHAPE's first commander. The school got its start under General Eisenhower, who hoped it would help SHAPE's multi-nation families to live and work together in harmony. Last January, when the first term began in a converted farmhouse, there were 28 boys & girls on the rolls. Now there are 148 students—Norwegian, Danish, Italian, Canadian, Dutch, French, British and American—ranging from four-year-old to teen-agers. When the school opens next fall, Headmaster René Tallard, who is also senior English teacher at the boys' high school in St. Germain, expects the enrollment to jump to 350.

The school's classes are conducted in French, and there are basic French courses for children who still have trouble with the language. In an ordinary week a twelve-year-old American boy works for 25 hours on general subjects, e.g., arithmetic, French grammar, geography, history, spelling, elementary science. For another six hours a week, the wife of an American major teaches him English grammar, spelling, American geography and history. Other national groups study the geography, history and grammar of their own countries.

Ike's demand that SHAPE officers and men of all nationalities get along without friction is reflected in the kids' behavior at school. One English boy admitted that he was fed up walloping English kids. He wished he could bash a couple of Yanks but he didn't want to get his father into trouble. On the whole, says Headmaster

Tallard, the Dutch and British pupils are the best behaved, the French and Americans the quickest at learning.

For the Winner. Addressing the SHAPE pupils last week, General Biddle read his commencement address in fluent French. Then, "for those French people who could not understand my French," he grinned, "I will now repeat it in English."

When the awards were handed out, the loudest applause was earned by the winner of Matt Ridgway's special prize (an atlas, a book about Paris and a book about trains) for the student who distinguished himself for the "best international spirit in his relationship with his comrades." The winner: twelve-year-old Michael MacKinnon, son of a wing commander in MacKinnon, Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Blank White Page

Wayne University's Professor (of English) Donald J. Lloyd has long believed that Americans are too busy thinking about their grammar to learn how to write. They are possessed of a demon, "a mania for correctness," writes Professor Lloyd in the current issue of the *American Scholar*. "Our spelling must be 'correct'—even if the words are ill-chosen; our 'usage' must be 'correct'—even though any possible substitute expression, however crude, would be perfectly clear; our punctuation must be 'correct'—even though practices surge and change with the passing of years . . . The idea . . . rests like a soggy blanket on our brains and our hands whenever we try to write."

"Except for the professionals among us, we Americans are hell on the English language. [Our writing] is muddy, backward, convoluted and self-strangled . . . Furthermore, almost any college professor . . . will agree that [his students'] writing stinks to high heaven, too."

"To trace this monolithic concentration on usage is to pursue a vicious circle . . . The literate public seems to get it from the English teachers, and the teachers get it from the public . . . A phony standardization of usage appears in print, the work of editors unconscious of the ultimate meaning of what they do."

"The result of all this is that a wet hand of fear rests on the heart of every non-professional writer who merely has a lot of important knowledge to communicate . . . It is always a comfort to him if he can fit himself into some system, such as that of a business or governmental office . . . With what relief the pedagogues subside into pedagogy!"

Professor Lloyd finds no such repressions hampering American speech. "The ordinary American is in conversation a confident, competent expressive being . . . But with the negative attitude that attends all our writing, those whose main interest lies elsewhere are inhibited . . . until the sight of a blank white page gives them the shaks . . . Not until we come to our senses—teachers, editors, writers and readers together—and stop riding each other's backs, will the casual, brisk, colorful, amused, ironic and entertaining talk of Americans find its way into print."



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RELIGION

Words of the Week

"Thou hast given us abundant resources . . . Our industries are the marvel of the whole world . . . Our standard of living has no comparison in all history . . . These things are the gift which in Thy goodness Thou hast given us.

"In this day of world confusion, Thou hast given us leadership in the cause of freedom and right among nations. We seek no empire. We want no world domination . . . We want to serve Thee and use our leadership among the nations for the genuine peace and prosperity of all mankind. Do Thou, O God, lend Thine ears to this, our humble prayer."

—Invocation by Cardinal Stritch at the G.O.P. Convention



CARLISLE
PRESBYTERIAN MACARTNEY
Eloquent orthodoxy.

Preach the West Wind

Clarence Macartney's fellow students in Princeton Seminary's Class of 1905 felt a trifle awed when Freshman Macartney began setting out on Sundays to preach in nearby churches, wearing a high hat and a black tailcoat. Many of his colleagues have stayed awed ever since. For 47 years, Presbyterian Macartney, singularly unperplexed by theological doubts, scientists' criticism, or the pendulum swing of vogues, has been filling churches by preaching the same Gospel he learned at the Seminary.

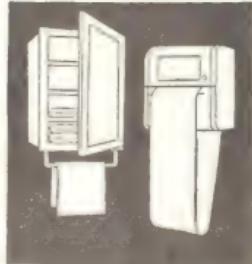
Macartney's father, a strict Scots Covenanter minister, taught his children* a

* All four sons became ministers. The others the Rev. J. Robertson Macartney, pastor emeritus of the Palm Springs (Calif.) Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Albert J. Macartney, pastor emeritus of Washington's National Presbyterian Church; the late Rev. Ernest MacCartney of Los Angeles.

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firm, old-fashioned set of religious beliefs. Young Clarence learned the fine points of oratory from an equally good source. As a University of Wisconsin undergraduate, he used to go down to the elder Bob La Follette's office in the Madison courthouse to rehearse his debating speeches. The training helped make him one of the ablest preachers in his church. In 1924, William Jennings Bryan, an orator himself, proposed him for the one-year term as Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

Orthodoxy & Battlefields. Moderator Macartney had led the fight of Presbyterian fundamentalists (he prefers the term "orthodox") to oust the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, leading theological modernist, from the pulpit of Manhattan's First Presbyterian Church. Attracted by Macartney's reputation, Pittsburgh Presbyterians asked him, in 1927, to take over the ministry of their own First Church, long one of the most influential in U.S. Presbyterianism.

The new pastor never left Pittsburgh. To two generations of churchgoers, he has preached his same steady brand of orthodoxy, with the same grave eloquence. Sunday mornings and evenings, a good half of his 2,500-member congregation make their way downtown from outlying residential districts to hear him preach. On Tuesdays, as many as 600 local businessmen drop in at the First Church for his noon meetings (a cafeteria lunch and two short sermons).

Outside of his pulpit, Bachelor Macartney spends most of his spare time in writing and historical research. A specialist on the Civil War, he has walked over almost every battlefield from Manassas to Shiloh. A good many of his 46 published books are written about historical subjects (e.g., a life of McClellan, several studies of Lincoln); the rest are sermons and devotional works.

Souls First. Not far from retirement now, Pastor Macartney, 72, is slightly less pessimistic about the state of the church in the U.S. than he once was. "Modernism," he says, "is not nearly so belligerent as it was. The barrenness of it has been demonstrated." But, to a man strong in the fundamentals of the Gospel, the kid-glove handling of the question of sin in many U.S. pulpits is still hard to take. Says Macartney: "One reason why we have so few conversions is that we don't ask people to repent."

Back at Princeton Seminary last week, the veteran preacher gave a quiet sermon to 337 of his fellow ministers assembled for the seminary's summer Institute of Theology. His subject: "The Four Winds and the Voice of God."¹⁶ To an audience of professionals, his rolling periods, the long Biblical analogies, the references to the writings of the Founding Fathers were in themselves an epitome of a great but vanishing style of church preaching. His message might stand as the valedictory of a man to whom theological

“... Who hath gathered the wind in His fists” (Proverbs 30:4).

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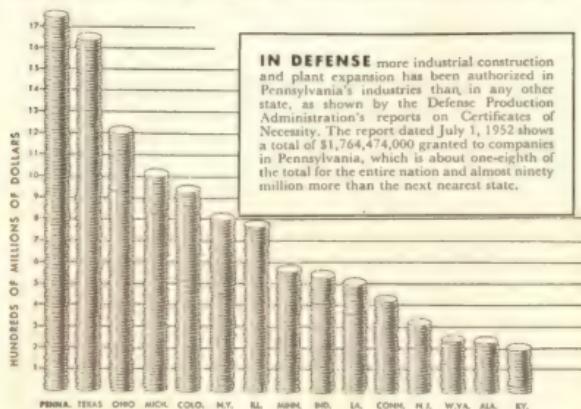
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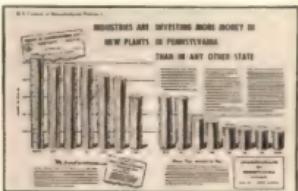


Pennsylvania Leads All Other States in Defense Plant Construction



IN DEFENSE more industrial construction and plant expansion has been authorized in Pennsylvania's industries than in any other state, as shown by the Defense Production Administration's reports on Certificates of Necessity. The report dated July 1, 1952 shows a total of \$1,764,474,000 granted to companies in Pennsylvania, which is about one-eighth of the total for the entire nation and almost ninety million more than the next nearest state.

BEFORE DEFENSE . . . when industry could decide entirely for itself where to build and expand . . . the industrial companies of this nation invested a larger volume of capital in new and expanded plants here than in any other state, as shown in the chart at right.



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Secretary of Commerce

controversy has never been so important as the saving of souls.

Said Clarence Macartney:

"Preach all the four winds . . . Preach the North Wind of God's righteous judgments—that the way of the transgressor is hard, and the wages of sin is death. Preach the East Wind of God's affliction, that whom He loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth . . . Preach the South Wind of temptation and danger . . . But most of all, preach the West Wind . . . You're never really preaching until you're preaching the West Wind of God's mercy and pity and forgiveness."

Autonomous Rumanians

Father Andrei Moldovan, a priest of the Rumanian Orthodox Church,⁹ said goodbye to his Akron congregation one day in 1950; he was leaving, he told them, for a vacation in Hot Springs, Ark. Actually,

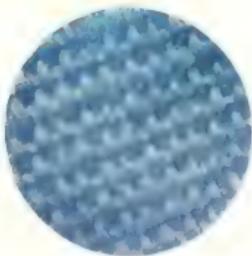


FATHER MOLDOVAN
Hot Springs, he said.

Father Moldovan hustled off to Communist Rumania, got himself consecrated bishop of the Rumanian communion in the U.S., then returned to the U.S. to claim his title. Last week, to the satisfaction of most of his 55,000 fellow churchmen, a Cleveland federal court told Moldovan he had no right to the title.

The by-laws of the church, ruled Judge Emerich B. Freed, "clearly [give] Americans of Rumanian ancestry the right to elect their own bishop." It was a victory for Cleveland's Dr. Viorel Trifa, who was elected bishop by a majority of the church's parishes last year, and for the Very Rev. John Trutza, president of the Episcopate's council. Said Father Trutza: "Our fight was one of Rumanian-American citizens to establish by law their complete freedom from the threat of foreign Communist influence."

⁹ Full title: Rumanian Orthodox Episcopate of America.



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ESCAPE

The people
moved out when
the auto drove beyond
the city limits

ON HOT COBBLESTONES, a brief spray of cool water; then the brooding deadly heat settled in again.



BEYOND THE CITY, OUT TO THE COOL TRANQUILITY OF THE SUBURBS, WENT CITY DWELLERS, SEEKING LIGHT AND AIR AND SPACE.

TO THE GREENBELT

All the firemen had hairy arms, and wore bright red suspenders. Most boys liked the longed hook-and-ladder truck the best, but some chose the "Chemical" as their favorite; it was shaped like a big iron mill bottle and puffed great clouds of black smoke as the white horses pulled it like a chariot, sparks flying as the horseshoes crashed down on the cobble.

On the hottest days the firemen might remember you and trundle the hose cart around to the hydrant; you danced around on the hot pavement, your teeth chattering as the cold spray hit you. But after they had gone it was deadly hot again, and if you were a city kid, back around the turn of the century, there wasn't much to

do. Maybe you got into trouble.

Terrible floods came in slums or between neighborhoods—wherever children are housed and walled in. Poor trouble comes in success Saturday nights when the parked-downon parks, waiting for a truckload,

It was the automobile that started to change the cramped old way of life. The first little Ford, Isuening lightly on their bicycle tires, began to chug around Detroit—then thousands of cars pushed roads out from the cities like thrusting fingers. Thus the American automobile broke through the old-fashioned city limits, letting the people out of town into the great open world beyond.

The whole population is in a great

exodus from the stone-and-steel cage of the city toward the fresh air, the light, the trees and living space of the suburbs. This is the change to the *greenbelt*, one of the greatest changes that is taking place in this half century. The United States is a nation in motion; to be an American is to move. Each twenty-four hours Americans travel more than a billion miles on into wheel; the way they travel is the American Road.

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First placed in operation in April, 1950, by the New York Central, 85 RDC's, owned by eleven railroads, are carrying out their varied and frequently difficult assignments in brilliant style.

It is equally at home in hop-skip-and-jump commuter and branch line service, and grueling runs through extremes of climate like the Western Pacific's 924 miles from Oakland to Salt Lake City.

You would be neither a visionary nor an optimist to predict that in RDC the railroads have the successor to the day coach. RDC is one of the most important of the many inventions and developments that Budd has contributed to the advancement of transportation. The Budd Co., Philadelphia, Detroit, Gary.

Budd

PIONEERS IN BETTER TRANSPORTATION

MEDICINE

Good News from the West

From the sunbaked wastes of Arizona's Navajo Reservation came dramatic news about the new TB drug, isoniazid (TIME, March 3). The report was carefully evaluated in the gleaming tower of Manhattan's New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Then, last week, Cornell's Dr. Ralph Tompsett got up in London's cavernous, dingy Central Hall and passed the news to 400-odd experts gathered for a British Empire conference on TB. Sum of the findings: isoniazid is the only drug that belongs in the same class with streptomycin for effectiveness against tuberculosis. In most respects it is as good as streptomycin; in some ways, better.

In the great majority of cases, tuberculosis attacks the lungs. Isoniazid* was first given to such patients a year ago, and enthusiastic reports of good results broke out during the winter. But TB of the lungs is an unpredictable disease; of two patients with chest X rays which look alike, one may die quickly while the other gets better for no apparent reason. It might take years, and thousands of cases, to prove the value of a drug in these circumstances.

Human Test Tube. Less common but deadlier forms of tuberculosis are meningeal, in which the bacilli attack the covering of the brain and spinal cord, and miliary, in which they spread throughout the system. Untreated, both meningeal and miliary tuberculosis commonly kill within two or three months, and about one-third of the victims get only temporary help from streptomycin. To researchers, a patient with miliary TB is like a human test tube. The course of his disease is so predictable that they can tell just what a drug is doing for him.

As soon as they knew that isoniazid was safe, the Cornell researchers turned to the Navajos of Arizona to give it a thorough test. With their high susceptibility to TB and wretched living standards, the Indians provide a tragically large number of miliary and meningeal cases. Often, one patient has both forms. The Navajos were eager to help medical research fight the white man's disease which has killed more of them than white man's bullets ever did. Their Tribal Council put up \$10,000 toward the project.

Hungry for the Bottle. The first Navajo to be treated with isoniazid was a seven-month-old baby girl named Patty. When her parents brought her to Dr. Charles M. Clark at Western Navajo Hospital in Tuba City, Patty was a wizened starving wisp of 9 lbs., with military TB. Her temperature was 103° and she had to be fed by tube. After 17 days of treatment with isoniazid, her temperature dropped to normal and she began taking the bottle hun-

grily. Now Patty weighs 16 lbs. and her TB seems to have been arrested.

A 17-year-old Navajo girl named Jean Smith was Dr. Clark's next military case. She weighed 79 lbs., had an agonizing, rattling cough and had trouble breathing. Moreover, says Dr. Clark, the X ray of her lungs "looked like a snowstorm." Under treatment with isoniazid she soon got rid of her fever, cough and sense of breath. Jean has eaten her way up to 114 lbs.

Almost as heartening are the early results in tuberculous meningitis. Dr. Clark has treated several cases which had relapsed after courses of streptomycin. After 80 days of streptomycin, eight-year-old Elsie still had a fever; she had TB germs in her spinal fluid; she was men-

nature, may learn to live with isoniazid, producing "resistant strains." But there is reason to believe that these can be kept to a minimum by giving isoniazid along with another anti-TB drug.

Near-final answers to most of these problems should be in by year's end. Meanwhile, the patient Navajo patients and the Bureau of Indian Affairs have helped Dr. Clark and the Cornell researchers to prove isoniazid's worth. It is the second great weapon for chemical warfare against TB.

Brain & Mind

What is mind? The old gag answer, "No matter," is not good enough for medical science, but the experts still have a tough time explaining what little they know of the relationship between mind and brain. Sir Russell Brain, one of Britain's top specialists in the workings of the nervous



NAVAJO JEAN SMITH & DR. CLARK
Her lungs looked like a snowstorm.

tally clouded and suffering spasms. Within a month, isoniazid changed all that, and not long after, Dr. Clark was able to take Elsie to the circus.

Another patient who went to the circus instead of a cemetery is Little Joe, also eight. Within ten days, isoniazid ended his unbearable headache and loosened his stiff spine and neck. Now Little Joe is the life of the men's ward at Winslow Indian Sanatorium, first up in the morning and complain the tired oldsters the last to turn in at night.

Questions. As Dr. Tompsett was careful to point out in London, bacilli can still be found in most patients with TB of the lungs after months of isoniazid treatment. So there is no reason to believe that the drug can really wipe out the disease. Nobody knows how long the drug can be given at a stretch, or how soon its effects may wear off after it is withdrawn.

Finally, there is the frightening fact that tubercle bacilli, by changing their

system, tackled the subject in a lecture at Cambridge University, which is published as *The Contribution of Medicine to Our Idea of Mind* (Cambridge University Press). He begins with a disclaimer and a definition: "I speak of the mind quite openly and unashamedly, not being one of those philosophers who make their living by expounding the nonexistence of their own minds . . . I shall assume that you know what I mean when I say that thinking, remembering, imagining, willing, feeling emotions and experiencing sensations are the kind of activities we describe as mental."

Soaring. Though he shies away from any attempt to define precisely and positively what mind is, Sir Russell has no hesitation in saying that it is something more than grey matter: "Though it is linked through the brain to the world of matter, it moves in its own sphere as though it could soar above the physical."

For a century, says Sir Russell, doctors

* The hydrazide of isonicotinic acid, marketed under such names as Rimifon, Nydrazid, Pyridin, Dinacrin. A related drug is trade-named Marsilid.



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have been studying how disease in the brain affects the mind, and some of the results have been surprising. Example: "We might have found that the mind behaved as something homogeneous, and that damage to the brain in any part merely made the mind generally less efficient, but that is not the case. The brain has a highly complex structure and so has the mind, and we are discovering by degrees what is the relationship between brain structure and mind structure."

While the brain is roughly compartmented for distinct types of work (e.g., "emotional, intellectual"), there is no sharp division between brain processes which accompany conscious and unconscious mental activity, said Sir Russell. "Mind, therefore . . . cannot . . . be identified with consciousness, or to put the same



Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

BRITAIN'S BRAIN
A sphere above the physical.

thing another way, there are large and important parts of the brain which are concerned with . . . solving problems while we sleep, making jokes, creating the characters who people our dreams, and contributing that vital element which we call inspiration to the work of the artist, poet and novelist."

Curtain Call. Neurologist Brain refused to try to adjudicate between physical and psychological explanations of mental states. But he could not resist a dig at the extreme Freudians: "You will recall the moving end of *Peer Gynt*, where Peer finds Solveig . . . and realizes that she is both wife and mother . . . If, as the curtain falls, a psychoanalyst in the seat behind you whispers: 'Oedipus complex!', do you understand the play better or enjoy it more?"

Medicine, said Sir Russell, may have to be scientific and therefore analytical, but it must also be an art. And the art of medicine, insisted Scientist Brain, must never lose sight of the fact that man is more than the sum of his parts.



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THE PRESS

Covering the Convention

As Cinemogul Cecil B. (The Greatest Show on Earth) DeMille leaned over the railing of the press gallery at the Republican National Convention last week, a reporter asked: "Does this look like the second greatest show on earth to you?" "No," replied DeMille good-naturedly, "this is the greatest." And for the press it was. More than 3,000 newspapermen (and 2,000 radio-TV men) blanketed Chicago for the biggest, most elaborate coverage ever given any story. Pundits, Washington reporters, foreign correspondents, feature writers, women's-angle writers, columnists and "specials" of every stripe turned out more than 12 million words of copy. The coverage, newspapermen agreed, was not brilliant, but it could not have been more comprehensive.

Guerrilla Warfare. So many topnotch reporters worked on every angle of the story that, as *Herald Tribune* Correspondent Bert Andrews pointed out, "there's very little opportunity here for any exclusives. It's just a matter of grinding it out." But there were beats of a sort by those willing to take chances. The day the convention started, Editor Louis Seltzer of the Cleveland *Press* climbed right out on a limb with a Page One story headlined: **IKE WILL WIN ON THE 3RD OR 4TH BALLOT.** Two days later in Chicago, Publisher John Knight predicted in the *Daily News* that Ike would be the candidate and Nixon his running mate. If he was wrong, said Knight, he would "just have to go off fishing somewhere."

Despite the numbers, many newspapermen and photographers had a hard time covering the story. There were not enough badges for half the newsmen who wanted them. One newsmen, told by Republican Chairman Guy Gabreski that all his press tickets were gone, got some right away from Chicago's Democratic Boss Jack Arvey. Terrible-tempered Columnist Westbrook Pegler was so outraged by the back-row seat he was assigned that he denounced the "left-wing standing committee that put me way out here in left field." Snapped back Gallery Boss Harold Beckley, who also runs the U.S. Senate's press gallery: "He could write the stuff he's turning out from Baltimore."

Clear the Floor. On the convention floor, newsmen often found the going rough. When U.P. Photographer Stan Tretick tried to take a picture of one of the delegates who had fainted, another delegate clouted him on the head and guards hauled Tretick off the floor. At one point, Temporary Chairman Hallaran called in sergeants-at-arms to clear the floor of newsmen entirely, but the order was reversed after an angry roar of protest.

There were other journalistic hazards far from the convention hall itself. A column by Scripps-Howard's Robert Rurik ("Doug was a dud as a keynoter") was stopped after it turned up alongside an

editorial praising General MacArthur's speech as "A Call to Arms." Hearst papers killed a Pegler column saying Eisenhower is "a stupid man [and] I will do all I can to prevent his election."

To foreign newsmen, the convention was often so confusing that, as London *Observer* Correspondent Alistair Buchan half-jokingly said, "I just treat it as a spectacle and then run off and see 'Scotty' Reston of the *New York Times*." Hearst papers, which had been editorially neutral between Taft and Ike, got over-excited about MacArthur's chances as a "compromise candidate." Publisher William R. Hearst Jr. himself gave credence to "an excellent authority" that Taft was getting ready to put his weight behind MacArthur. Even on the final day of the convention,



United Press

PHOTOGRAPHER TRETICK & ATTACKER
Pegler was in left field.

when most newsmen were betting only on what ballot Ike would be nominated, Hearst's New York *Daily Mirror* covered its front page with: **NOMINATE MAC IN TAFT MOVE TO STOP IKE.**

Whetted Appetite. Instead of a feared competitor, television turned out to be both a nuisance and a help. At every press conference TV-men pushed in their bulky equipment. Some politicos balked at meeting the press before millions of TV-viewers, and reporters often squirmed in their unaccustomed role as actors. But many a reporter and press headquarters also found TV a big help in finding out where news was breaking, or in covering far distant points.

As an "experiment," Pundit Walter Lippmann stayed away from the convention for the first time in as long as he can remember, relying on a borrowed TV set for his coverage. But Lippmann, like many another TV-viewer, also leaned heavily on the work of hundreds of newspaper reporters. Throughout the convention, soaring newspaper sales indicated

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that TV probably whets the appetite for newspaper news, rather than dulls it. Said Editor Louis Seltzer, putting his finger on the big flaw in TV coverage alone: "The people at the convention can't tell what's happening without expert advice, and neither can those looking at television. Newspapers now need more interpretation and analysis. We've got to tell people what they've seen."

Covered & Uncovered

As sports editor of Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker*, Lester Rodney, 41, has the job of twisting sports to fit the party line. Rodney does his work well. When he announced that he planned to cover the Olympic Games in Helsinki, he gave this reason for going: "The very nature of sports and the spirit of sportsmanship inherent in such games has started to get in its licks against the inevitable war hoax." To finance his trip, the *Worker* started an "On to Helsinki" campaign, raised about \$700 from its readers.

Last week, ticket in hand, Rodney got some bad news. When he called the State Department about his passport, Division Chief Mrs. Ruth Shipley asked him: "Are you a Communist?" Answered Rodney: "That's none of your concern. What does that have to do with a passport to cover a sport event?" Mrs. Shipley thought it had plenty to do with it, since the "spirit of" the McCarran Internal Security Act bans passports for Communists. If Rodney wou'd swear he was not a Red, she said, he could get his passport. When he declined to do so, Mrs. Shipley rejected his application. Said she: "The problem involved is not the Olympic Games but whether or not he is a Communist."

Dough-Faced

In simpler days, the leading left-wing political magazines of the U.S. and Britain often stood together on issues, arms locked against the rest of the world. But all that changed after the end of World War II. Such weeklies as Britain's *New Statesman and Nation* and the *New Republic* in the U.S., or the left-wing *Nation* and the stouthearted *New Leader*, have tangled in bitter squabbles (TIME, April 2, 1951 *et seq.*). The main issue: What is the proper liberal stand in the fight against Communism?

"Book Burning." Last week the battle on the left flared up afresh over a special 60-page issue of the *Nation* called *How Free Is Free?* The issue reported on civil liberties in the U.S., found them desperately menaced from all sides. Harvard Law Professor Zechariah Chafee Jr. found the U.S. turning "spies into heroes"; Matthew (The *Robber Barons*) Josephson discovered "book-burning" in schools and libraries. Scientists, charged Harvard pinko Professor (of geology) Kirkley F. Mather, have been hard hit because they "are peculiarly vulnerable to suspicion, recrimination and punishment." In education, entertainment, publishing, advertising and other fields, *Nation* contributors all turned in similar gloomy reports.

But to Richard H. Rovere, onetime Na-

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tion editor, much of the special issue of his old magazine was an example of "a spurious brand of anti-McCarthyism." Writing in the *New Leader*, Rovere said that the *Nation's* "dough-faced anti-McCarthyism . . . can be as dangerous as McCarthyism itself because its image of America is as false and, I am inclined to believe, as intellectually and morally disreputable as that of the Yahoos and primitives who have made McCarthy a power in the land."

"**Shameful Things.**" The effect of the *Nation's* issue, said he, "is to encourage the world to accept Radio Moscow's view of the U.S., the view of this society as a disintegrating democracy, one in which the hooligan element not only strives for power as it does elsewhere, but has already achieved it."

"We have seen some shameful things in this country in the past four or five years,



Walter Bennett

RICHARD ROVERE
He spotted a fraud on the left.

and no one should want to see them glossed over. But when all the disagreeable facts are assembled and presented as a description of the state of American liberty, then a fraud has been perpetrated . . . What we have here in the *Nation* is no more than a half-truth, perhaps no more than a tenth part of the truth. From the *Nation* one gets the impression that individual liberty today must rely for its defense on a heroic and beleaguered little band marshaled by [*Nation* editors] Freda Kirchwey and Carey McWilliams.

"It is Soviet power which today breeds the anxieties which McCarthyism turns to its advantage . . . [Nation Editor Freda] Kirchwey disapproves of resistance, for she believes that Soviet power is an expression of the 'emerging forces of popular revolt' . . . In the literature of appeasement before World War II, there was at least a note of genuine tragedy. It was never, as I recall it, argued that the wave of the future would wash us clean."

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"YOUNG GIRLS" & PAINTER LAURENCIN
"Why should I paint dead fish, onions and beer glasses?"

Pretty Girls

Paris renewed an old and well-remembered friendship. Marie Laurencin, 68, had her first one-man show in years. One look was enough to convince Paris that Marie still belongs in the inner circle of French moderns and that her touch is as light and pleasure-bent as ever. Said admiring Poet André Salmon: "She can paint a girl with eyes like a doe, and a doe with eyes like a girl."

Girls—pretty girls—were the subjects of practically all of Marie Laurencin's 32 recent oils. There were young girls, teen-age girls, groups of schoolgirls talking, girls dancing, looking demure or just gazing quietly off into space. All had Marie Laurencin's personal mark: smooth young faces with skimpy noses or none at all, skins the color of pale roses and eyes dark as black cherries.

Nowadays Paris critics rank Painter Laurencin roughly on a level with Utrillo and Vlaminck. But there was no such accolade when she first started painting half a century ago. Three times she tried to enter Paris' famed Ecole des Beaux Arts,

and each time she was coldly refused. Critics called her work "decadent," "ugly," "without talent."

Marie's early work showed the influence of Toulouse-Lautrec and of her dabbling in cubism. But World War I took Marie out of her Paris circle for a while: she had married a German painter, Otto von Watten, and when the war came along, she and her husband had to leave France. They lived in Spain until 1918; then Marie got a divorce and went back to Paris.

There she sat herself down and began to paint young girls in a style of her own. The critics suddenly took interest, and soon doting mothers were asking for appointments. Sometimes when commissions were slow, Marie got the concierge's young daughter to sit for an hour or so; at other times she just sat by a mirror and painted herself.

Marie Laurencin does not paint self-portraits any more. "At my age," she says, shaking her white head, "that is finished now." She lives alone, and except for an



occasional spin around Paris in a bus, she seldom goes out. But the mothers with daughters in tow still come to her. Marie Laurencin shrugs at the thought of landscapes or still lifes: "Why should I paint dead fish, onions and beer glasses? Girls are so much prettier."

Experiments in New England

Gardner Cox, 46, is a talented Massachusetts painter with a happy outlook and a common-sensical approach to art that New Englanders can admire. To earn a living, he paints commission portraits of famous figures and Boston's citizens: the rest of his time he spends experimenting with abstractions and searching for new ways to express himself. At Cape Cod's new Mayo Hill Galleries last week, people got a chance to see how the portraiture and experiments had turned out.

It was hard to say which were more successful. Though there were only a few oil portraits in the show (Cox has done such celebrities as Harvard President James B. Conant, Judge Learned Hand, Dean Acheson), it was plain that he is no mere bread & butter portraitist. The pictures

MUTED CANDLELIGHT

The delicate art of Japanese lantern-making, in which the ladies opposite are engaged, owes its worldwide popularity to Emperor Hirohito's grandfather. In 1878, the artisan city of Gifu presented Emperor Meiji with a particularly beautiful lantern: he was so deeply moved that he resolved to encourage the trade, and by the turn of the century lanterns had become one of Japan's most famed exports.

The lanterns that shone in the dim dawn of Japanese history were globeish—gutted, puffed, dried, and filled with live fireflies. The lanterns that pleased Hirohito's grandfather, and have

been a delight ever since, are more complex. They are designed to transform candlelight into globes of muted color. Each one requires up to 120 bamboo strips, no thicker than toothpicks, which are bound together with silk threads to make a collapsible frame. The frame is covered with eight sections of silk or oiled paper, painted with traditional figures. Gluing the shell to the frame is the hardest part of the job and is done mainly in the spring when temperature and humidity are just right. One skilled artisan, working fast, can produce two fine silk lanterns in a day.

The Japanese use their lanterns for funeral processions, night-time strolls, and advertising displays. Abroad, their soft colored light turns many a garden party into a festival.



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had a carefree, almost dashed-off look: lots of lively colors, some swift lines brushed in with a spare and sure touch. What they lacked in detail was made up in warmth and spontaneity. In a painting of his young daughter Kate, prim and neat in a party dress, Cox had added off to one side a quick sketch of her playing in the bath which deftly caught the uninhibited side of three-year-olds. Even in a portrait, says Cox, "you're trying for something universal."

The idea of universality pushes out most strongly in Cox's abstractions. He paints what he calls "basics," e.g., canvases combining such forms as rocks and eggs, which offer contrast in texture. ("Eggs," he says, "have a softness and smoothness and at the same time a nervous feeling.") He is also fond of beach still lifes, in which he tries for harmonies of color, e.g., the whites of clamshells, the browns of crabs. Each is an experiment in style and technique. In a painting called *Dew*, he set pastel droplets on a gauzelike spiderweb; in another, he suspended a flowering atomic symbol over an enormous egg standing on an infinite plain. New England approves of Cox's experiments. Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, which buys little contemporary art, has a Cox "basic," and several pieces in his current exhibit have already been spoken for.

Last week Gardner Cox himself was hidden away on an island off the Maine coast, busy with portraits and abstractions, recording trials & errors in his journal. His wife and four children were with him, and, when their father could pry them away from the sailboat races, they sat for more portraits. Fee: 60¢ an hour, with deductions of a cent a minute for wriggling.

"Strictly Paranoiac"

On his favorite subject—himself—Salvador Dalí writes at least as vividly as he paints. In the French monthly *La Table Ronde*, Dalí adds to the autobiographical score by giving his own account of why he

was booted out of the "official" surrealist group in the early '30s.

"I was too unrealistic," says Dalí. One of his paintings, he recalls, showed Lenin with a buttock three meters long, propped up by a crutch. Dalí had hoped to shock and impress his fellow surrealists, but they were bored. Dalí then turned his artistic attention to Adolf Hitler:

"I was obsessed to the point of delirium with the personality of Hitler, which always came to me as a woman . . . The softness of that Hitlerian flesh under his military tunic created in me a state of gustatory, milky, nutritious, Wagnerian ecstasy, which made my heart beat violently." This vision had nothing to do with politics, says Dalí, but he soon found himself defending his position at a meeting of French surrealists.

"The meeting . . . was memorable." Dalí spent most of the session on his knees, he says, "not pleading against expulsion but exhorting [them] to understand that my obsession with Hitler was strictly paranoiac and apolitical."

The surrealists just didn't understand. Says Dalí: "Someone like me, who pretended to be a true madman, living and organized . . . was not allowed to exist." He was drummed out of the surrealist circle.

His Hitler obsession, he adds, lasted until the Führer's death. He happened to be taking his temperature when the news came. For exactly 17 minutes he lay there thinking, thermometer in mouth. When he rose, his temperature was fine; both Hitler and surrealism were dead phases, and Dalí formulated his new line: "I believe that I am the savior of modern art, the only one capable of sublimating, integrating and rationalizing all the revolutionary experiences of modern times in the great classical tradition of realism and mysticism, which is the supreme and glorious mission of Spain."

• Dalí, lower right.

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(See Cover)

Finland braced itself this week for an invasion. Planes and ships, loaded to capacity, were already disembarking the advance guard of an expected 40,000 foreign visitors to the Olympic Games at Finland's capital, Helsinki's main boulevard, the *Mannerheimintie*, was lined with store windows displaying the five-colored Olympic rings. In the 10 local newspapers, news of the imminent games almost crowded out the G.O.P. convention in Chicago and the war in Korea. Some householders were demanding, and getting, sky-high prices for bed & board. Helsinki's restaurants hurriedly recruited an extra 2,500 helpers, who were subjected to a brief course in the pronunciation of French wines and liqueurs.

In the Olympic village at Käpylä (where all but the women's contingents, the Russian team and their satellites were quartered), clouds of Finnish autograph hunters buzzed around the visiting athletes like hungry mosquitoes: "Sign pliss. Your name, pliss." Next to the big U.S. team (350 men and women), neatly dressed in their blue Olympic blazers, grey slacks and gabardine hats, the squad that attracted the most attention was the close-mouthed Russian team, some 400 strong, which was constantly convoyed by 300 stony-faced "officials." Making their first Olympic appearance since the Czarist days of 1912 (when they didn't win a single gold medal), the Russians had apparently abandoned their idea of shuttling the Red athletes by airlift in & out of Helsinki each day. Instead, they were immured in a separate "Little Iron Curtain" village, six miles from the Olympic Stadium. But they were

plainly on their best behavior. Located next to the U.S. boathouse, Russian oarsmen jovially insisted on lending the Americans a scull.

Olympic Truce. How good were the Russians? Nobody knew. But the broad-backed Russian women, who claim seven world records, were expected to dominate the women's track & field events. Standing virtually alone against them was the amazing Netherlands housewife, Fanny Blankers-Koen, who won four gold medals at the 1948 London games. One first-rate Russian showing is almost certain, and in a game that even the Russians admit the U.S. invented, Olympic fans hope that the Russian basketball team, European champions in 1951, will meet the U.S. in the final.

As Baron Erik von Frenckell, Helsinki's mayor, proclaimed this week the traditional "Olympic truce" (a throwback to the B.C. days when the Greeks called off their local wars to celebrate the games), there were a few inevitable rhubarbs. Both Nationalist and Red China, along with East Germany, suddenly and belatedly demanded admission for their teams. Bulgaria, which drew Russia in a first-round soccer match, complained bitterly when a soccer "unknown," The Netherlands West Indies, drew a first-round bye.*

* These bazzlings were mild in comparison to other bow-de-dos of the past. Among the most notable: during the London games of 1908, staggering Italian Dorando Pietri was dragged across the finish line of the marathon by Britons wishing to see him beat the U.S.'s fast-closing Johnny Hayes. Dorando was helped to his feet four times in all, and Hayes, after an outraged American protest, was finally declared the winner. Afterwards, both turned "pro" and cashed in on the publicity with a marathon race at the old Madison Square Garden. Dorando won by 60 yards.

But the 1952 Olympics would also mark the end of some past enmities. Both Japan and West Germany were competing again in the Olympics for the first time since World War II. Germany's Olympic trials had already produced a sensational win when Werner Lueg, a 20-year-old Westphalian, equaled the world record for the 1,500 meters ("metric mile") with a clocking of 3:43.

In all, a record 6,500 athletes from 66 nations were ready to compete for Olympic medals,* in 149 events, ranging from basketball to yachting, from boxing to wrestling, from canoeing to weight-lifting.

Speed v. Staying Power. Each country had its special sport. The French and Italians have always led the field in cycling, the French and Hungarians in fencing, the Swiss, Czechs and Germans in gymnastics. For the U.S., the Olympics have always been a track & field show, dominated by the U.S. since James B. Connolly took the first modern Olympic title at Athens in 1896 with a running triple jump (now the hop, step and jump) of 45 ft.

This year, as usual, the U.S. team is strongest in track & field events. No one seems to stand a chance against the U.S.'s three shot-putters, Parry O'Brien, Darrow Hooper and Jim Fuchs, all capable of beating the European record by a good two feet. In the pole vault, an event the U.S. has lost only once, the Americans this year have two 15-footers. Rev. Bob Richards and Don Laz, who are expected to finish one-two, with the U.S.'s George Matton in third place. The best U.S. high jumper, Walt Davis, is in a stratosphere (6 ft. 10 1/2 in.) by himself.

* Officially, no country "wins" the Olympic Games: there is no official team scoring system. The press has devised a quasi-official one, awarding points to the first six finishers on the basis: 10-5-4-3-2-1.



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YOLAN '32 DILLARD '48	10.5	
200-METER DASH	20.5-4	
WORLD RECORD	20.5-4	
SHOTPUT	17' 7"	
THOMPSON '48 U.S.		
HIGH JUMP	6' 7 1/4"	
JOHNSON '36 U.S.		
400-METER RUN	46.2	
CARR '32 U.S. WINT '48 JAMAICA		
110-METER HURDLES	11.1	
HUNTER '36 U.S.		
DISCUS	17' 3"	
CONSOLINI '48 ITALY		
POLE VAULT	14' 3 1/4"	
MEADOWS '36 U.S.		
JAVELIN	238' 7"	
JARVINEN '32 FINLAND		
1,500-METER RUN	3:47.8	
LOVELOCK '36 N.Z.		

9:10.8

23' 8 1/4"

49' 10 1/4"

6' 2 1/4"

0:50.8

0:14.6

18' 7 1/4"

12' 3 1/4"

18' 9 1/4"

4:55.3

THORPE DECATHLON

1912 OLYMPICS



0:09.2

22' 2 1/4"

42' 5 1/4"

6' 1 1/4"

0:48.2

0:15.6

18' 7 1/4"

10' 7 1/4"

14' 9 1/4"

4:40.1

Cliff McNair Jr., Culver

The U.S. should have little trouble in the sprints and hurdles, with men like Harrison Dillard (110-meter hurdles), Charles Moore (400-meter hurdles), Andy Stanfield (200 meters) and Mal Whitfield (800 meters). But as the races lengthen from 1,500 meters to the 26-mile marathon, the Swedes, Finns, Slavs and Britons take over.

This perennial weak spot of U.S. athletics is explained by European critics as an accurate reflection of U.S. preoccupation with speed rather than guts and staying power. But this year, as in 1948, the U.S. has an answer to that. In the decathlon (ten events for one prize), the closest modern parallel to the original Olympic Games, no one has yet touched the record of Olympic Champion Robert Bruce Mathias.

Champion's Confidence. A lineal descendant of the ancient pentathlon,⁶ the decathlon is the most searching test of athletic skill and endurance ever devised: four running events (100, 400, 1,500 meters and the 110-meter hurdles); six field events (javelin, discus, shotput, pole vault, high jump and broad jump). At 21, already a veteran of eight decathlon meets, four times national champion and the world record-holder, handsome Bob Mathias meets to a remarkable degree the physical specification for this Olympic challenge. He is tall (6 ft. 3 in.), with the reaching stride of a hurdler or high-jumper, and husky enough (200 lbs.) for the heavy-duty weight events. He has the steel-spring legs of a sprinter, the back muscles of a pole vaulter and the barrel chest of a distance man. He also has the

nerveless self-control to make the most of his natural advantages, and the confidence of a champion who knows that his only real competition is the law of gravity and the pull of time.

Bob used to suffer through pre-meet agonies. "In my first meet," he says, "I kept thinking about that 1,500 meters I was going to have to run [the last event in the decathlon]. It always scared the devil out of me." But gradually he learned to "just keep thinking about the event I'm in while I'm competing in it. They don't give you points for worrying."

Nevertheless, he still gets a slight tightening of the stomach before he goes into action. "It's like waiting for a funeral," he says. Once the meet begins, his nervous twinges disappear. He moves with disciplined relaxation; even at the finish line his face shows only concentration, with none of the agonized contortions of a last-dounce effort. As the competition gets keener, the only apparent effect is to key his reactions a bit tighter and sharpen his sense of timing. "When the pressure's on," he says, "I like it best." Between events, while other athletes trot nervously back & forth, talking and worrying, he tosses a towel over his head and lies down in the shelter of the stands until he is called for the next round. Sometimes he falls asleep.

"Dream Competitor." During the whole exhausting two-day grind that a decathlon lasts, Mathias is as cool and impersonal as a coach directing a football team, constantly checking in his mind the complicated point score, deciding when to push himself to the limit, when to hold back to conserve his energy. Even when he was a green 17-year-old at the 1948 Olympics, he steadfastly refused to take his turn at the pole vault until the bar was set at 10 feet. He saw no point in wasting his energy on heights he was sure he could clear. His final vault: 11 ft. 5 1/4 in.

"You can't predict what he can do," says Ray Dean, Stanford's assistant track coach. "All you can be sure of is that he

will win. He is absolutely the greatest athlete I ever coached. He is the dream competitor—the one in 10,000 who has the temperament to match the talent."

To the proud citizens of Tulare (pop. 14,000), Calif., probably the only town in the U.S. where the decathlon is the most popular after-school pastime, Coach Dean is guilty of understatement. In Tulare (pronounced like Larry), Bob Mathias is rated, quite simply, as the greatest athlete in history—a sort of peerless combination of Jack Armstrong, Frank Merriwell and Gene Tunney. Says one admiring Tularean: "No matter who you are, you've got to like him if you've seen him the way we have. If you were a mother or father, Bob's the kind of guy you'd want for a son; if you were a fellow, you'd want him for a chum; and if you were a girl—well, just look at the guy."

At least part of these claims is substantiated by the record books. Compared with the man generally considered the outstanding athlete of all time, Mathias out-runs, out-jumps and out-throws Indian Jim Thorpe⁷ in nine of the ten decathlon events. The exception (see chart) is the 1,500-meter run.

Though Bob can dash 100 meters in 10.07 (Olympic record: 10.03), a childhood case of anemia still leaves him short of the endurance required to run the metric mile. It is just about his only athletic shortcoming. He is a one-man track team, capable of winning the majority of U.S. college track meets singlehanded. His best official discus throw, 173 ft. 4 in., is 2 in. better than the Olympic record.

In other sports, he does almost as well. He was an all-state basketball player in high school. At Stanford, after giving up football for two years, he tried out for the

⁶ In the pentathlon (five events), first introduced in 1908 B.C., the best jumpers qualified for the spear throwing; the four best spear men qualified for the sprint; the three best sprinters threw the discus; the two finalists wrestled for the prize: a wreath of olive leaves. The Ancient Games, held every four years (an Olympiad) for nearly twelve centuries, first started near Athens in 770 B.C.

⁷ During the 1912 Olympic prize presentation, Sweden's King Gustaf called Thorpe "the world's greatest athlete." Later, because it was found that Old Jim had played baseball for money, all his Olympic trophies and medals were taken away from him.

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team last fall as a junior. His plunging power and breakaway speed (his 96-yd. kickoff run-back against U.S.C. sparked Stanford to the Pacific Coast championship) prompted veteran Coach Pop Warner, who coached both Thorpe and Ernie Nevers, to say: "Mathias is the closest thing to a miracle worker I've seen in 60 years." After a few rounds of golf, Bob already shoots in the low 80s.

Sunday Track Meet. Bob's athletic prowess is not entirely an accident of birth. His father, a one-time University of Oklahoma all-state football player, is a general practitioner and Tulare's high-school team doctor. The whole Mathias household has always been dedicated to athletics. Brother Eugene, 24, was a promising high-school football star until his career was cut short by a concussion; Jimmy, 18, is an up & coming decathlete (he finished 19th in the nationals); Patricia, 15, the family hopes, will be an Olympic swimmer in 1956.

Almost from infancy Bob had an amazing sense of coordination. "He never fell off chairs or ran into things," Dr. Mathias noted. When eight-year-old brother Gene began bringing his friends home to play ball, they tried to shunt five-year-old Bob aside. But they soon discovered their mistake. "The older kids noticed that Bob threw the ball harder than they could—and could catch it better," Mrs. Mathias recalls. "So Robert [the family all call him that] made the 'team' even back then. We knew we had an athlete on our hands."

The Mathias backyard in those days was hopping with juvenile athletes. "Morning, afternoon and night," says Mrs. Mathias, "it seemed that a track meet was going on in our backyard. On Sundays the parents would come over and watch their children compete. Ours was one home that never had a garden—just a garden of kids."

In the eighth grade, at the age of 12 1/2, Bob entered his first real track meet. He high-jumped 5 ft. 6 in. The same day, Gene was competing in a high-school meet, where the winning height was 5 ft. 5 in. "There just wasn't much doubt about it," Mrs. Mathias says, "the boy was beginning to get awfully good."

In high-school track (1945-48), Bob won 40 first places and broke 21 records. He was only a fair student. When he came home once with a rare "A" on his report card, he grinned self-consciously: "Well, Mom, I guess I'm a grind now." There was nothing mediocre about his growing athletic record. As a football fullback he averaged almost nine yards a carry. Tulareans have it that one team didn't even try to stop him: "They just let him through, peaceful like." In basketball, in his senior year, he averaged 18 points a game. In the West Coast relays in 1947, he won the shot, discus and high hurdles, tied for second in the high jump and ran the anchor leg on Tulare's winning relay team.

By the Book. By the end of the 1947 track season, there was no doubt that Bob was on the way to becoming one of the nation's top athletes. But it was almost

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an accident that sent him toward the decathlon, and to the Olympics in 1948. Even Tulare High School's Track Coach Virgil Jackson was a little vague about the decathlon, an event that, in those days, most of the U.S. had never heard of; he was not even sure of the name. Jackson wrote to the A.A.U. for information, finally got a book, published in Finland, which gave the official decathlon rules. After he found out what the decathlon was, Jackson decided that it was just the thing for Bob's versatile talents.

Bob had never pole-vaulted, had never even seen a javelin, never broad-jumped nor run the 400- or 1,500-meter races in competition. The running was mainly a matter of conditioning, and finding out how to pace himself. Learning to measure his stride and developing a take-off lift



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DR. & MRS. MATHIAS
In the backyard, a garden of kids.

for the broad jump was not too difficult. But the pole vault and javelin throw were another matter.

Coach Jackson ordered a javelin from San Francisco, and Bob spent all summer working out with it, practicing his grip without ever trying a throw. During the 1948 track season, he concentrated on perfecting his form in regular events: high hurdles, broad and high jump. Not until three weeks before the Pasadena games did he first start pole-vaulting and throwing the javelin, following the instructions laid down in a track manual.

"Don't Worry, Mom." Jackson now admits that he was really looking ahead to the 1952 Olympics, and was just trying to get Bob interested in the idea. But Bob had quietly decided not to wait for 1952. In the Pasadena meet he threw the javelin 171 ft., pole-vaulted 11½ ft. and fought his way to first place. Two weeks later, at the National Championships (and Olympic tryouts) in Bloomfield, N.J., Bob easily beat Irving ("Moon") Mondschein, three times national champion, to become



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the No. 1 decathlon man on the U.S. Olympic team. A month later, 17-year-old Bob Mathias stepped into London's Empire Stadium before a crowd of 80,000 spectators, to compete in his first Olympic Games.

At the end of the first day, Bob was in third place. But he told his mother: "Don't worry, I'll be up there for the victory ceremony tomorrow." Next day Bob was dressed and on the field at 9:30 a.m., ready for the final five events. A persistent downpour, mud and cold—the worst Olympic weather anyone could recall—slowed down competition. In between events Bob napped and conserved his energy, stuffed down two box lunches to keep himself going.

He had to wait almost eight hours to take his turn at the pole vault. Fighting exhaustion and gathering darkness, Bob made his vault of 11 ft. 53 in. while officials marked the take-off point with a white sneaker in the 9 p.m. gloom. At 9:15, running up to a foul mark lit with an official's flashlight, he threw the javelin 165 ft. 1 in.

Not for a Million. By that time it was so dark that the only light in the stadium was the Olympic flame, glowing dully through the fog. Mrs. Mathias, huddled patiently in the stands, watched the start of the 1,500-meter race, at 10:30: "We could see the orange spurt when the gun started the runners, but the fog was so dense we could see nothing else." Fighting foot cramps and a sick stomach, Bob staggered across the finish line five minutes and eleven seconds later to clinch his title. When he got his wind back and found his mother, he said: "Mom, how did I ever get into this? I wouldn't do it again for a million dollars."

But next day, standing on the victory pedestal as he had promised, Bob had changed his mind. Says his mother: "When my child stood out there with 80,000 people at attention, and they raised the flag and the massed bands played *The Star-Spangled Banner* just for him, I thought my heart would burst."

When the news of Bob's victory was flashed to Tulare, the whole town exploded into a celebration that lasted most of the night. Factory whistles blew, auto horns honked, somebody started a parade and led it with a big sign: "Bob Mathias for President." The Tulare *Advance-Register* rushed out an extra with a 114-point banner headline: **MATHIAS WINS OLYMPIC TITLE**. "Biggest headline I've ever run," says Editor Tom R. Hennion.

When Bob came home, two weeks later, 10,000 Tulareans lined the road from the airport to the town. Mayor Elmo Zumwalt presented Bob with the keys to the city. At the Elks Club, the reception was so warm "that we threw away the key." Governor Earl Warren's speech of welcome was heard by thousands of happy Tulareans at the fair grounds. Nowadays, Southern Pacific railway conductors call Tulare "Mathiasville." Signs at both ends of town proclaim: "Tulare, Home of Bob Mathias, Olympic and U.S. Decathlon Champion."



Cliff McNair, Jr.

MATHIAS POLE-VAULTING



Associated Press

HURDLING



Cliff McNair, Jr.

BROAD-JUMPING

Between events, a nap.

Big Man on Campus. The honors kept rolling in on Bob Mathias, culminating in the Sullivan Award as the nation's most outstanding amateur athlete. Bob was besieged with offers of athletic scholarships. But Dr. Mathias, who can afford not to accept such offers, firmly turned thumbs down. "I wanted Robert to go to school with no strings attached," Dr. Mathias explains. "They should give the scholarships to boys who can't afford to pay their own way."

Bob entered Pennsylvania's Kiskiminetas Springs School to get ready for college, the next fall entered Stanford. There, as he keeps piling up new records as a track and football star, he is inevitably a popular Big Man on Campus and rushing chairman of his fraternity (Phi Gamma Delta).

None of the adulation seems to have changed Bob much. He likes to go to dances occasionally (he has no steady girl). He brushes off all discussion of his triumphs with an embarrassed grin. At his white stucco home in Tulare, just a good javelin throw from the local high school, he still shares with brother Jimmy an attic bedroom, a cluttered place littered with Bob's medical specimens (he once wanted to be a doctor like his father), his model airplanes, and a sign he once rescued from a rubbish heap: "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins."

Proud & Loud. He has already won enough trophies for a lifetime, and he does not expect to compete in the decathlon again. Instead, he will concentrate at Stanford on one or two specialties, probably the discus and hurdles. He will also concentrate on his studies (he is a physical education major with a B average). After college, he thinks he might get a coaching job or a public-relations post with a sporting-goods firm. But when he graduates next spring, he will turn in his red & white Stanford uniform for Marine Corps green. As a reserve lieutenant, he faces a two-year hitch on active duty that will come to an end just short of the 1956 Olympics, scheduled to be held in Australia.

This week at Helsinki, Bob seemed to have no worries about either 1952 or 1956. Easy and relaxed, he pronounced himself "in better condition than I was two weeks ago, though I had a little trouble sleeping the first night because the sun never seems to set in this country." In his dark blue U.S. Olympic sweatshirt, he was working out at the pole-vault pit, with Rev. Bob Richards, volatile and intense, giving him a few tips on how to improve his vaulting form.

Back home in Tulare, the folks were following his every move. Said one admiring Tularean: "You know, we'd be just as proud sending Bob over to Helsinki even if he couldn't score a point. He's just a good American kid, and I think more Europeans should see a good American kid. We're mighty proud and loud about him." But no one in Tulare really thought that anything short of a broken arm could keep Bob Mathias from making them prouder still.

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Plenty of U.

The Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy issued a guarded report on U.S. reserves of raw uranium. Its gist: there is plenty of uranium ore in sight. Both foreign and domestic sources must be thoroughly developed, said the committee, but "so far as uranium raw materials are concerned, the military may ask for and get—following several years of 'lead time'—as many bombs as they consider to be necessary to deter war or to win a war quickly if it comes."

Underground Blast

An atom bomb detonated underground would leave a radioactive crater which would be dangerous indefinitely, and the "hot" dust blown into the air might paint a broad band of silent death many miles downwind. The only safe way to simulate such an explosion is to use a "low-order" chemical explosive and scale up its effects theoretically to full atomic proportions. Last week at desolate Buckhorn Wash, Utah, Army engineers came the closest yet to simulating an atomic blast.

Into a spherical cavity 18 ft. in diameter, carved deep in solid sandstone, the engineers packed 320,000 pounds of TNT, cast in close-fitting blocks. Then the shaft was blocked with material as solid as the living rock. Instruments and test structures, dug in for miles around, waited for the rock shock. When the charge exploded, the earth rose up in a mound, as if a giant fist had poked up through mud. Jets of flame burst through the debris. Jagged boulders soared through the air; good-sized chunks of rock landed a mile away, and smaller fragments covered a good three miles. The ground shook as if rocked by an earthquake, and the smoke

of the TNT blacked out nine square miles of Utah.

Shock Test. In atomic lingo, a "nominal" bomb is the one used at Hiroshima, which released as much energy as 20,000 tons of TNT. The Buckhorn Wash "bomb" (160 tons of TNT) released 1/125th as much energy. But because the explosive effect of a bomb decreases only by the cube root of its comparative size, the jolt it gave the rock around it was roughly one-fifth as powerful.

To test its shock through the rock, the engineers surrounded it by scaled-down diggings representing installations such as subway tunnels, concrete foundations of buildings and other underground structures that might be damaged by rock waves in an atomic war. Elaborate special instruments (cost: \$2,000,000) measured the motion of the rock and its destructive effect. The results will be kept secret as were the results of earlier tests in clay, soil and other ground materials.

Flying Poison. But one implication of the test explosions is no secret. Atomic bombs set to explode underground are expected to play a big part in future warfare. Air bursts, as used over Japan, affect only the surface of the ground. As both sides burrow deeper, placing their vital installations deep in soil or rock, the atom bombs will go after them, sending rock waves to wreck them as no air waves can.

Another military factor will be the vast amount of debris thrown out by an atom bomb that penetrates earth or heavy buildings. It will be highly radioactive, and chunks of it flying for miles will poison large areas. The Army engineers say they are not interested in the bits of rock that were thrown three miles by their scaled-down bomb. But atomic bombardiers will certainly take note.



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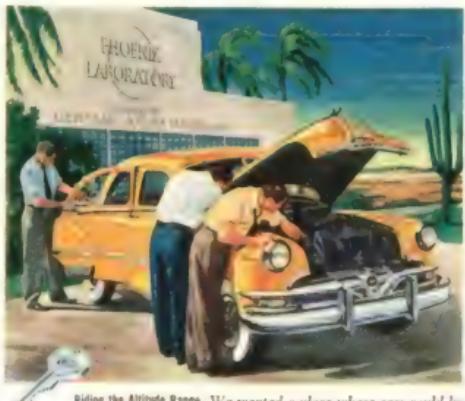
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MUSIC

Spreading the Word

The summer season in Venice got under way on a modern, and American, note last week. In the courtyard of the Doges' Palace sat the 88-piece La Fenice Theater Orchestra; on the podium stood the U.S.'s most active musical ambassador to Europe, Manhattan-born Conductor Dean Dixon, 37; on the racks, instead of the usual outdoor fare, was music by modern composers, e.g., Walter Piston, Bernard Herrmann, Benjamin Britten.

Venetians came to satisfy their curiosity, stayed to enjoy themselves. They admired the conductor's vigorous command of the orchestra, warmed to his



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CONDUCTOR DIXON
An American in Europe.

obvious sympathy for the music. *Il Gazzettino*'s usually acid critic praised Dixon's "technical precision . . . and sensitivity to the rhythmic values." Rarer still was the response of the musicians: they donated their services for an extra rehearsal, and said they hoped the conductor would come back next year.

Swedish Resident. Conductor Dixon was not in Europe by chance: a Negro, he moved there in 1949 because the U.S. gave him too little chance. A dozen years ago, with degrees from the Juilliard School and Columbia in his pocket, he got high marks as guest conductor with such top U.S. orchestras as the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Boston Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, NBC Symphony. But good reviews and public honors (he got the 1948 Ditson Award for his services to American music) did not lead to a full-time conducting post.

After skirting the musical fringes with his own interracial American Youth Orchestra and a series of children's concerts for a while, he resolved to try Europe. In

Paris, after his debut in a radio concert, the guest-conducting offers began to flock in. Last season he led 32 concerts, and he has conducted in nine countries, from Israel to Finland. Next season he will be a resident conductor of the Göteborg (Sweden) Symphony.

"My Very Existence." Dixon plays his share of classics, but finds that Europeans have a high "anticipatory interest" in contemporary U.S. music. In response, he has played about 90 American scores in the past 18 months. Among the composers whose works have had European hearings under Dixon are Charles Ives (*Third Symphony*), Wallingford Riegger (*Canon and Fugue for Strings*), Howard Swanson (*Short Symphony*).

Dixon is no exile, hopes to conduct again in the U.S., "if I get an invitation." He thinks "minority races" can benefit by the example of his success: "My very existence as a conductor who is accepted will be the kind of stimulus that they rarely get today."

Among the new compositions Dixon played in Venice was a 20-minute *Symphonic Set for Piano and Orchestra* by Kansas-born Gordon Parks, 39, professionally a LIFE photographer and, like Conductor Dixon, a Negro. Written in four movements (*Announcement, Episode, Nocturne, Prelude and Fugue*), it proved to be strongly rhythmical and melodious. It was Photographer Parks's first fling at composition. Since he cannot read music, he worked out each theme on the piano, recorded it on a tape recorder. Venice found the work fresh and attractive. Said Dixon: "We should hear more from Gordon Parks."

Rediscovered Mass

Giacomo Puccini, whose operas probably earned him more money than any other serious composer ever made,* began by writing church music, including a Mass at the age of 21. Italian experts who heard his Mass performed in 1880 liked it pretty well. True, they felt it suffered a bit from "overabundance," and, at a time when the trend was to disembodied church music, they raised their eyebrows because some parts did not seem musically "chaste" enough. But they praised its "spontaneous melodies," predicted a fine future for its composer. Thereupon, the Mass fell into obscurity. It was not until last week, in Chicago's Grant Park, that it got its second performance.

For three quarters of an hour, Conductor Alfredo Antonini led his forces through Puccini's composition; there were 185 voices of the Swedish Choral Club, a 75-piece orchestra and three male soloists. Lovers of *La Bohème* and *Tosca* recognized in the youthful sacred work hints of those later sensuous operas. Listeners familiar with the composer's *Manon*

* He left an estimated \$4,000,000 when he died in 1924.



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Lescaut got a bit of a turn at the end: the peaceful *Agnes Dei* of the Mass was note-for-note identical with *Manon's* madrigal.

Proudly present for the performance was Father Dante del Fiorentino, a Brooklyn priest who knew Puccini intimately for years. While collecting material for a Puccini biography last year, he found one of the two known copies of the Mass in the family of Puccini's music secretary (the other is in a museum), then worked hard until it was published and performed. The Mass cannot easily be used in sacred services (a 1903 papal encyclical, among other things, generally forbids the use of orchestras in church). But Father del Fiorentino will see to it that the church benefits; his share of the royalties (including those from a radio performance on Mutual early this week) will go toward rebuilding the church in the little town of Torre del Lago, where Puccini lived for many years.

New Pop Records

Let's Hear the Melody (Benny Goodman; Columbia LP). Goodman's incisive clarinet, with suave support from a string-and-horn ensemble, in such standbys as *Lover, Come Back to Me, Embraceable You, Moonglow*.

As You Desire Me (Jo Stafford; Columbia LP). Songstress Stafford's voice is warmer than ever and just as true. Most of her eight numbers (*I'm in the Mood for Love, Something to Remember You By, etc.*) are lugubriously slow; *Blue Moon* and *September in the Rain* have more bounce.

A Tribute to Jazz, Ltd. (Jazz, Ltd. LP). A Chicago jive joint honors itself. Trombonist Miff Mole, Trumpeter Doc Evans & Co. provide the music: *Tin Roof Blues, High Society, Jazz Me Blues, Charleston*, done at length (eight minutes each) in easygoing Dixieland style.

Booch-a-me (Rosemary Clooney; Columbia). Another piece of bumptiousness ("booch-a-me" is Tin-Pan-Alley Italian for "kiss me") from the girl who made *Come On-a My House* a limited national delirium last summer. No better than most sequels.

Fascinating Rhythm (Freddie Hall; King). An up-tempo, two-beat scramble through the old Gershwin tune. Vocalist Hall mutters his patterning lyrics in an off-hand manner that is good for a chuckle.

High Noon (Frankie Laine; Columbia). A folk-style ditty from the picture of the same name. Blues-Belter Laine voices the passionate plea, "Do not forsake me," and a confusion of other thoughts, over a throbbing tom-tom beat.

I Waited a Little Too Long (Trudy Richards and Artie Shaw; Decca). A high-pressure blues song, a vocal in Ella Fitzgerald style, and a big, swinging band. But if Clarinetist Shaw is aboard at all, he is playing too softly to be heard.

Collectors' Note: Okeh has reissued some famous oldtimers: *I'm Confessin'* (Louis Armstrong); *Willow Weep for Me* (Cab Calloway); *Wiggle Woogie* (Count Basie); *Gimme a Pigfoot* (Bessie Smith).



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Steelmen & Steelmen

Through a side door of the White House last week slipped three of Big Steel's big men for a conference with John Steelman, the President's right-hand man on labor and mobilization. For three hours the steelmen, headed by U.S. Steel's Vice Chairman Roger Blough, discussed steel prices. There was no announcement of what went on, but the gossip was that the trip was well worthwhile. Over the objections of other administration aides, Steelman was reportedly ready to grant a \$5.20-a-ton price increase. This was \$1.50 more than the steel companies were entitled to under the Capehart amendment, plus a 70¢ allowance for higher freight rates. It was also just about what ex-Mobilizer Charlie Wilson had proposed four months ago, before Harry Truman pulled the rug out from under him.

In Pittsburgh, it looked like the break that might end the strike. Big Steel's Vice President John A. Stephens, unofficial leader of the industry representatives, sat down again with the Steelworkers' Phil Murray. The industry negotiators reportedly presented a new proposal which would permit a "modified" union shop, i.e., employees need not join if they specifically state within 30 days of hiring that they don't want to. The union sniffed at the plan, but new meetings were scheduled. Both sides were being forced toward agreement by mounting pressure to get steel flowing again.

Even if the strike is settled this week, it will stand as the most damaging steel strike in U.S. history. It has cost the nation 13 million tons of steel, a third more than the previous record 42-day strike of 1949; it has thrown 1,500,000 out of work. The auto industry was hard hit. Output, which had been running at 130,000 units a week before the strike, was down to 75,000, and dropping fast. Chrysler announced that it was closing all car and truck plants this week. Ford was so short of tubular steel that it even had to stop production of 3.5-in. bazookas.

Westinghouse stopped production of refrigerators, ranges, washing machines and other appliances; the Budd Co., maker of railway cars, lopped 10,500 off its 20,000-man payroll. In many another company, personnel men feverishly juggled vacation schedules to coincide with diminishing steel stocks. U.S. production has been so disrupted that even after the strike is settled it will be weeks before production gets back to normal.

Boom Through the Gloom

"Just like Christmas" was the way a Denver merchant described his sales last week. All over the U.S., despite the steel strike, retailers had the same kind of good news. Boston department-store sales spurted 6% above last year. Dallas stores chalked up a 16% gain. Sears, Roebuck



Russ Scott

reported monthly sales of \$262 million, a new June record.

Some of the spurt in retail sales was apparently caused by the feeling among consumers that prices might not be heading down any further. There was evidence to support this. In June, said the Bureau of Labor Statistics, food prices went higher, and the cost of living probably set a new record. Textile prices edged higher as the trade reported that sizable orders were once more coming in, and prospects looked the best in years. Mills which had been in the red were in the black again. Last week the Joint Committee on the Economic Report took a look in its own crystal ball, predicted good business for the next twelve months. One big prop: an expected \$71.3 billion in defense outlays, up from \$57.4 billion in the fiscal year just ended.

Encouraged by all this, plus Eisenhower's victory, the stock market kept rising steadily. This week the Dow-Jones industrial average hit 275.08, only a shade below the bull-market peak.



Frank P. Kalita—Baltimore Sun
MATHIESON'S NICHOLS
"What are we waiting for?"

AUTOS

Sport Entry

As a bow to the new popularity of sport cars in the U.S.—especially those imported from Europe—Buick last week showed off one of its own—the Skylark. Standing only 43.6 in. high with its top down, the Skylark is built on a Buick Roadmaster chassis, has a 170 h.p. engine, a top speed of 100 m.p.h., Italian-made wire wheels and red cowhide upholstery. General Motors will put the car into production as soon as it gets orders for 1,000. Price: \$5,000.

CHEMICALS

The Big Sixth

From the day he got a selling job with Du Pont at 17, Thomas Steele Nichols has had one battle cry: "What are we waiting for?" Nichols has never waited for anything. Though he never went to college, he became vice president of a Manhattan chemical company at 28, was made president of the old, established Mathieson Chemical Corp. four years ago at 38. Since then, Tom Nichols has more than tripled Mathieson's sales (\$91 million last year) and done the same for earnings (\$9,653,000).

Last week the man in a hurry announced the biggest deal of his career. Subject to approval by stockholders of both companies, said Nichols, Mathieson will buy up E. R. Squibb & Sons, \$100 million-a-year maker of household drugs, whose brown-labeled bottles and boxes have been standard equipment in medicine cabinets all over the U.S. for nearly a century. If the stock swap (five Squibb shares for three Mathieson shares) is approved by stockholders as expected, the resulting company will be a \$300 million giant, sixth biggest chemical company in the U.S.

New Team. At first glance, the merger is a strange one. For years, Mathieson's chief business has been in basic chemicals, Squibb's in consumer products. But following the lead of American Cyanamid, which is now cashing in on antibiotics, Nichols thinks the Squibb merger makes



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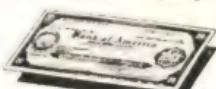


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sense and fits neatly into his aggressive expansion policies.

When Nichols took over Mathieson, the company was barely keeping pace with the fast-growing chemical industry. It had only three plants, turning out caustic soda for making rayon, soda ash for glassmaking, and liquid chlorine. By a series of mergers and purchases, Nichols expanded to 20 plants and moved into other fields. He bought a fertilizer company and two of the biggest sulphuric acid plants in the world, pioneered in the field of petrochemicals by extracting them from natural gas far from the well and close to the customer.

Triple Play. Now Mathieson supplies raw materials for synthetic fibers and for auto antifreeze. Mathieson is also one of the top dry-ice producers and a leader among U.S. fertilizer makers. Its latest product is hydrazine, a secret ingredient of rocket fuels.

Mathieson's assets have about tripled (including half ownership of Baltimore's only skyscraper, the Mathieson Building) to \$192 million since Nichols took over. Last year it was one of the few big corporations to show a profit gain (7%) despite a 65% jump in taxes. Squibb's was another. On slightly larger sales than Mathieson, it earned \$9,700,000, up 20% from 1950. Tom Nichols thinks that with such products as Squibb's new TB drug (TIME, March 3), he can pull up Squibb's profits still further. To do so in the fastest moving of all chemical fields—the wonder drugs—Fast Mover Nichols will have to step livelier than ever.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

The Newcomers

Novelist John P. Marquand was the guest of honor at a luncheon last week in his old home town of Newburyport, Mass., attended by 200 of New England's top businessmen. But, as the nation's leading satirist later confessed, he was not quite sure why he had been honored. Novelist Marquand might have wondered still more if he had turned his satiric eye on the group which honored him, and which he had joined only shortly before. Its name: the Newcomen Society of England in North America.

In the land of Eagles, Elks and Lions, the American Newcomen Society is an odd specimen. It probably has the largest and most lustrous roster of big business names in the U.S. Among its 12,000 members are the presidents of all the railroads running into the New York area, the chairmen of most of Manhattan's large banks, the nation's top leaders in oil, aluminum, steel, rubber, advertising and almost all other industries.

Anchors & Mooring. The expressed purpose of the society is to study "material" (i.e., nonpolitical) and industrial history, with the lofty goal of establishing a "kind of mooring of stability for American business leaders in the troubled waters of America today." The chief moorings seem to be the dinners or luncheons, such as the one for Marquand, at which the

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honored guest, usually a businessman and always a Newcomer, tells the story of how his own organization became a success. (Marquand spoke on "Federalist Newburyport.") The speech is often printed in booklet form by the Princeton University Press and widely distributed by the society—usually at the expense of the honored guest or his employer.

Barnum & Canterbury. The American Newcomen Society in its present state is the creation of Charles Penrose,* 66, the dynamic member of a Philadelphia engineering firm who has been described as a combination of P. T. Barnum and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The society was originally started in England in 1920 as a technical group commemorating Thomas Newcomen, father of the steam engine. An American branch was soon launched by the late Leonor F. Loree, longtime dean of American railroad presidents. Penrose, a close friend of Loree's, was a charter member.

For years, the American branch idled along; there were only 323 members in England and America in 1933, when Penrose took over as senior vice president for North America. He formed sectional committees, started a go-get-'em campaign to sign up industrialists, educators, bankers and businessmen, and the membership soared. Few ties still exist with the British organization. (British Newcomers, who number less than 500, all serious technical men, look somewhat askance at the U.S. operation as a mere marching & chowder club.)

Nevertheless, America's Newcomen Society remains staunchly loyal to Britain. Its dinners are solemnly closed with a toast to the President and the Queen ("Gentlemen, the toast is well concluded. You may smoke"). Its headquarters in West Chester, Pa., are adorned with the Union Jack. There is a chapel which has never been used but about which Charles Penrose says: "If any British prelate came to this country, he could be received there." Newcomen dinner invitations and announcements, printed in antique type, carry the Penrosean legend: "If ever American Newcomen should stand true to the best traditions of England and America—it is now."

Dinners & Booklets. In running Newcomen operations, Penrose stands true to one American tradition: he controls them with such canniness that they turn a profit which might surprise even the tycoons who are his members. For his labors, Penrose gets no salary, but collects expenses, devotes almost all his time to the society.

Newcomen gives 60 or 70 dinners a year in honor of a businessman, educator or other leading citizen.† Newcomers who attend pay a big markup on the actual cost, and the honoree or his company

* Distant cousin of the late Senator Boies Penrose, longtime G.O.P. boss of Pennsylvania.

† Some recent honorees: Samuel H. Kauffman, president, Washington Star; I. W. Hellman, president, Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co.; Dr. Thomas Lafayette Poejoy, president, University of New Mexico.



Dwight E. Dolan

CHARLES PENROSE
Faith with a capital F.

usually pays for himself and his guests. From dinners and luncheons each year, the society turns a good profit. It also collects some \$50,000 in dues (\$5.50 a year) from members.

Nearly five years ago, Penrose set up a corporation to print illustrated pamphlets containing the speeches given at dinners. Since the speeches are excellent publicity for a company, most corporations are glad to buy 12,000 or more at 50¢ apiece. Sometimes, as in the case of educators, Newcomen foots most of the printing bill itself. Last year Newcomen Publications, Inc., published about 55 different booklets for a gross of more than \$400,000 and a net of some \$275,000.

Books & Benevolence. About one-third of these profits was turned over to the Newcomen Society for various uses; the rest was put into the publishing company's surplus, which amounts to about \$375,000. Just what it will eventually be used for, nobody knows: possibly it will be spent for enlarging the Newcomen summer headquarters in Kittery, Me., or adding to its library of some 35,000 volumes in Pennsylvania. Most Newcomers are willing to let Charlie Penrose decide that, are well satisfied with the society and the way he runs it like a "benevolent despot." Says Penrose: "We are attempting to hold up to America the vision and the courage and the hard work and abiding faith—make that a capital F—of the men who years ago created the America which we have inherited."

AGRICULTURE The Numbers Game

At 7 o'clock one morning last week, seven sleepy-eyed members of the U.S. Crop Reporting Board trooped into a heavily guarded room in Washington's Department of Agriculture. The board sat down, for the first time this year, to the

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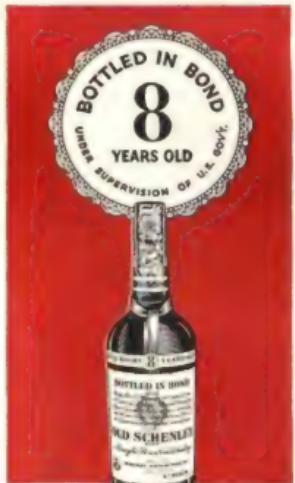
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important task of estimating the nation's forthcoming cotton crop and updating the incomplete estimates on other crops. Just before 11 a.m., the big doors of the room swung open, and Chairman S. R. Newell strode across the hall to give newsmen the board's 1952 report. The news: The U.S. this year will have a near-record crop, probably surpassed in U.S. history only by the 1948 crop totals. Cotton (14.5 million bales) may be nearly 7% below last year's crop acreage, but corn (3.3 billion bu.) and wheat (1.2 billion bu.) are expected to be almost 14% and 26% higher, respectively.

The estimates, the chief yardstick used by farmers and grainmen to gauge future commodity prices, were received with some skepticism. There have been too many mistakes before in the department's arithmetic. The real skeptics were the cotton farmers. Last year the board's estimate of their crop was more than 2 million bales too high. Result: U.S. cotton farmers sold their crops in a falling market, according to Congressional investigators, lost \$125 million by selling before the short crop came in and prices rose.

INSURANCE

Billion-Dollar Baby

James Jarrell, president of Chicago's Old Republic Credit Life Insurance Co., likes to call himself the Woolworth of the insurance business. Says Jarrell, with a note of pride: "We're in the five- and ten-cent insurance business—and we like it that way." He well might. Like Woolworth's, Jarrell has built a multimillion-dollar business by scooping up the small insurance premiums in a comparatively new insurance field that many insurance companies have hardly bothered with. The field: insurance on installment buying and small-bank loans. By concentrating on credit insurance, Jarrell boosted the company up from a prewar nonentity to twelfth place among U.S. insurance firms in the amount of new premiums paid in. From \$139 million in 1946, Old Republic pushed its insurance underwriting to a whopping \$650 million in 1951.

This week Jarrell gave the company another hearty boost. Old Republic made a deal with Hess Bros. of Allentown, Pa., to offer policies to its customers on all installment buying, among the first such plans in department-store history. The cost: \$1 to \$3.20 a year for every \$100 of installment credit insured. If the insured dies or is injured so he can't pay, Old Republic will. It also plans to start selling similar installment credit-buying policies in stores throughout the U.S.

One-Woman Company. Jarrell, 49, an old hand in the insurance business, thought credit policies were a good thing even in the '30s, when there was comparatively little credit buying, and the company had a hard time keeping afloat. When World War II came and installment buying started drying up, he had an even harder time. Jarrell and his staff went into the service and left the company in the hands of Carmine McNeill,

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TIME, JULY 21, 1952



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 Who Owns One



secretary-treasurer and only employee. At war's end, Jarrell gathered around him a hustling staff of young ex-servicemen to cash in on the booming credit business: Arthur Cade, Jarrell's right-hand man, is 32; two other vice presidents are 29.

To get their finger in the credit pie, Jarrell sold hundreds of banks and finance houses on the idea of offering an Old Republic policy every time they made a loan. Old Republic went after loans of \$1,000 and less, while other credit houses and companies preferred to stick to bigger loans. To cover every situation, Jarrell offered two types of credit life insurance. Under the first plan (\$1 a year for every \$100 borrowed), the balance of the loan still outstanding at death is paid off; under the second (\$2 a year per \$100), the



Archie Lieberman
 JAMES JARRELL
 From Woolworth, a lesson.

loan balance is paid off and the family reimbursed for the amount of the loan already paid.

Trump Card. Old Republic's trump card was its offer to the financial houses themselves of a straight 40% commission for every policy written. It waived such time consumers as physical examinations, abandoned the usual practice of a policy scale that slid up with the age of the insured. As a result, Old Republic suddenly found itself swamped with business, signed up by credit people in some 4,100 banks and financial houses.

Old Republic expanded into credit accident and health insurance (if the insured is totally disabled, Old Republic pays his installments), is now getting into the home-mortgage insurance field.

This year, with business already up 63.2% over last year's, Jarrell expects to write a billion dollars worth of insurance, hopes to make a profit on the \$20 million in premiums. And the market has hardly been tapped. With U.S. installment credit up to \$13.5 billion a year, only a small percentage is insured.



They stake their lives on special skills

Each of these men develops a special skill to meet the hazards of his job — just as Armco research men develop *special steels* to meet the hazards of rust or heat or wear in the steel products you buy for your home.

Your automobile muffler is a good example. It battles hot gasoline fumes. It must fight rust from road splash on the outside, and from moisture inside caused by rapid heating and cooling. To meet these hazards Armco developed ALUMINIZED Steel — an aluminum-coated steel that lasts longer in the hot spots.

Road service tests show that muffler shells made of ALUMINIZED Steel generally last *at least twice as long* as ordinary steel mufflers. That's why many U. S. Army

Jeeps and military trucks of all kinds have mufflers and tail-pipes made of this special metal. They need fewer replacements, save time and money.

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Whenever you see the Armco trademark on a product made of steel, remember this: The manufacturer has used one of Armco's many Special-Purpose Steels to give you more value for your money.

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MILESTONES

Married. Rhonda Fleming, 28, auburn-haired cinemactress (*The Great Lover*); and Dr. Lewis V. Morrill Jr., 36, Beverly Hills surgeon; she for the second time, he for the third; in Kanab, Utah.

Married. Thomas Franklin ("Tommy") Manville, 58, asbestosed playboy; and platinum blonde Anita Frances Roddy-Eden, 29, dancer and songwriter; in New Rochelle, N.Y. He was her first; she was his ninth. For a few tense seconds, Manville mistook his fiancee's twin sister and matron of honor, Mrs. Juanita Roddy-Eden Patiño, for the bride, but recovered quickly, lit a cigarette and got married (by the mayor of New Rochelle) to the right girl.

Married. Marc Chagall, 63, Russian-born expressionist painter, and Mme. Valentine Brodski, fortyish, who looks (said Chagall's daughter) as though "she stepped out of one of father's paintings"; both for the second time; in Clairefontaine, France.

Died. Hubert B. ("Dutch") Leonard, 60, southpaw pitcher who火balled his way to fame in the American League (1913-25), later made a fortune as a California grape-grower; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Fresno. In 1914, on the pitching staff of the Boston Red Sox (which also included Babe Ruth), he had his best season, winning 19 games and losing five, for an average of 1.01 earned runs a game. After helping Boston to world championships in 1915 and 1916, he quit baseball in 1925, retired to his Fresno ranch, where he could sit in any room of a specially wired house and enjoy concerts from a collection of more than 500,000 records.

Died. Eliezer Kaplan, 61, Deputy Prime Minister (since last month) of Israel, former Finance Minister, and one of the chief architects of the hand-to-mouth Israeli economic policy; of a heart attack during a vacation trip; in Genoa. Russian-born, he migrated to Palestine in 1923, after playing an active part in Zionist affairs in Russia and Czechoslovakia. In 1937 he negotiated the first international loan made to Zionism—a £2,000,000 grant from Lloyds Bank of London.

Died. Mrs. Mildred Strode Vandegrift, 66, wife of General Alexander Archer Vandegrift, 65, hero of Guadalcanal, one-time (1944-47) commandant of the Marine Corps; after long illness; in Lynchburg, Va.

Died. Dr. Walter Van Dyke Bingham, 71, the Army's chief psychologist (1940-47), who helped devise the battery of psychological tests and interviewing procedures used to screen World War II draftees, of a heart attack; in Washington.

* No kin to Pitcher Emil ("Dutch") Leonard of the 1932 Cubs.

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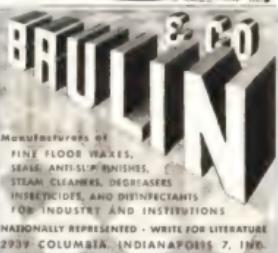
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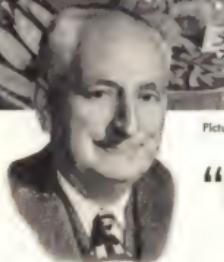
ANTACID-LAXATIVE

PHILLIPS'
MILK of MAGNESIA





Picture above shows typical operation of Dodge "Job-Rated" trucks owned by Blue Plate Foods, Inc., New Orleans, La.



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What Mr. Nehlig says is typical of enthusiastic comments by owners of Dodge "Job-Rated" trucks. Remember, there's one to fit your job! See your nearby Dodge dealer.



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CINEMA

Crackdown

After alternately singing the blues and whistling in the dark all through the postwar years, Hollywood was hitting the gloomy low notes again last week. Speaking to a mass meeting of some 4,000 M-G-M employees on the concrete area way in front of sound stage 18, M-G-M's real boss, President Nicholas M. Schenck of Loew's Inc., spelled out the bad news in unvarnished detail.

Schenck had slipped into Hollywood five weeks before, set up a round of interviews with M-G-M's key personnel, from Production Boss Dore Schary to Bathing Beauty Esther Williams. His conclusion: in the face of a box-office slump and skyrocketing overhead, the time had come for a rigid economy campaign.

As a first step in the economy crackdown, 60 or more of Loew's executives in New York, Hollywood and overseas will take "voluntary" salary cuts of from 25% to 50% on income over \$1,000 a week. Unlike 20th Century-Fox, which last year lopped up to 50% off the pay of its high-bracket personnel (but later restored most of it), M-G-M will not cut the pay of writers or directors. But Schenck left no doubt that the days of big-budget, spare-no-expense pictures were over. Best estimate of the total cutbacks: \$10 million a year.

Other studios are almost certain to follow M-G-M's lead. Paramount, probably in the best shape of any major studio, is not planning to renew the contract of Producer-Director George (A Place in the Sun) Stevens, whose perfectionist methods were too costly, and has dropped its top box-office draw, Alan Ladd, whose price is too high. Explained one studio spokesman: "What you've got to do today is make pictures look like four million dollars—but cost under a million."

The New Pictures

The Strange Ones (Jean-Pierre Melville; Mayer-Kingsley) are an adolescent brother & sister whose deep affection for each other is colored with inevitable tragedy. Adapted by France's Jean Cocteau from his 1929 novel, *Les Enfants Terribles*, *The Strange Ones* is a baroque, grotesque, always fascinating excursion into a dark-bright dream world, set off by a glacial commentary delivered in the author's own dry, precise voice.

Blonde, boyish Elizabeth (Nicole Stephane) and ailing, somnambulistic Paul (Edouard Dermite) live like "two limbs of the same body," isolated from the outside world in an unreal, fabulously disordered "tortoise's shell" of a room in a Montmartre apartment. In this chamber, "balanced on the brink of a myth," they play in utter self-consciousness a childishly grown-up sort of game: prancing and plumping themselves, idolizing and tormenting each other, cramming themselves glutonously with a sticky hodgepodge of sensations.

When their invalid mother dies, Paul and Elizabeth move to a seaside hotel and then to an 18-room town house, where they screen off one corner of a vast, jumbled gallery. But by then the outside world—in the persons of their friends Agatha and Gerard, who have fallen in love with them—has pried open the door to their secret chamber. The two children who refuse to grow up are unable to survive the sudden, chilling glare of reality.

This twilight zone of murky pathological recesses and phantom feelings is, in Jean-Pierre Melville's direction, as effective cinematically as it is poetic. As in Cocteau's 1948 movie, *Les Parents Terribles*,



STEPHANE & DERMITHE
They went to a Cocteau party.

the camera roves freely and fluently through the disorder of the children's room. There are odd, feverish screen compositions, e.g., the great, grappling close-up in which, as Agatha tells Elizabeth of her love for Paul, only Agatha's forehead is seen on the screen, with Elizabeth's strange, grey face hanging above it.

As the Cocteau children, Nicole Stephane with her short, curly hair and Edouard Dermite with his masklike pallor are as gravely handsome as young Greek deities, as cruel and capricious as little beasts. They are indeed terrible young ones, who resemble each other physically as well as in their temperaments of fire and ice. In the background, a swelling Vivaldi-Bach concerto score shores up the fragmented melodramatics of this brilliantly macabre Cocteau party.

She's Working Her Way Through College (Warner) poses a solemn problem: Is a burlesque queen (Virginia Mayo) with a yen for culture entitled to a college education? The answer is yes, mainly because of the brave battle for academic freedom waged by Theater Arts Professor Ronald Reagan, "Hot Garter Gertie," as the bump & grind artist is known, is saved from expulsion when Professor Reagan threatens to expose Board of Trustees

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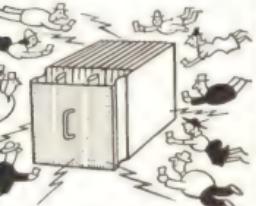


AIR-MAZING FACTS

O.SOGLOW



UCH MY DUST! A lump of charcoal the size of a pack of cigarettes has an area of about 22 square inches. But when you crush it to fine powder, its total area is increased to the size of a city block.



BUSINESS ELECTRONICALLY! Leading engineers know that super-clean air means business for stores, restaurants, offices and commercial establishments. Electrostatic air filters provide super-clean air—remove dust, dirt, smoke and pollen, cellulose out like file drawers for easy cleaning. "Building block" construction cuts installation time, reduces cost.



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AIR-MAZE
The Filter Engineers

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

Chairman Roland Winters as a wolf in sheepskin clothing who once gave Gertie a mint coat.

On close examination, *She's Working Her Way Through College* is seen to be a tuned-up, toned-down version of the 1940 James Thurber-Elliott Nugent stage comedy, *The Male Animal*.⁹ In the play, the professor fought for the right to read a



VIRGINIA MAYO

Also a wolf in sheepskin clothing.

letter by Bartolomeo Vanzetti to his English class. In substituting a striptease for Vanzetti, the picture has been divested not only of the play's significance, but also of most of its rich humor. At one point in *The Male Animal*, the professor said: "A college should be concerned with ideas." Midwest State, as represented in *She's Working Her Way Through College*, is as devoid of ideas as it is of gaiety.

Island Rescue (U.S., Arthur Ronk: *Universal International*) has a real Venus for its leading lady. She is a goddess among cows, a triumph of scientific breeding, and she lives on the Channel island of Armored. Since Venus is in calf by champion bull Mars of Mellowbury III, the expected progeny is of vital concern to the British Ministry of Agriculture.

When the Germans invade the island in 1940, Major David Niven is assigned to lead a commando raid on Armored to rescue Venus. Meanwhile the enemy, headed by Commandant George Coulouris, is preparing to ship Venus to Germany. There ensues a *tour de force* of arms, with a British submarine braving minefields and *Luftwaffe* to reach Armored, an artist hasti-

• First filmed in 1942 and now enjoying a hit revival on Broadway (TIME, May 12).

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TIME



TIME, JULY 21, 1952

ly camouflaged Venus in order and a battle sinks a German

The humor wears a bit, fully acted E Johns as a Carrefour Guernsey as

Wait 'Til *Century Fox* made of small through the dustrious "P. Wayne) brings to the nois in 1895 two-chair par soundtrack title song: 1 with slick E Marlowe and 2) the shop is a new four-rotating barrel Haiper and marries-haired daughter joins her in team, falls in and is bumpy and so does

By this the septuagenaries and his who reminds Wayne has seen in *Seville 'Til the Sun*

Where's and dancing of *Char*

Carrie, P odore Dreiser for Jones and crossed lover

The Story version of the Todd right-hand Maid Marian

Pat and which Kathie athlete and mother (TIME)

High Tre in a bang-up May 19).

The Atom et thriller a H-bomb spike

The Norm on a train the express club

Outcast rad's hothouse integration reected by C with Trevor Robert Mor

The Man British con (TIME, April

TIME, JULY 21

ng another cow to look like
er to confound the Germans,
in which a British destroyer
n E-boat with depth charges.
in *Island Rescue* sometimes
in. But the picture is zest-
y a cast that includes Glynis
pretty A.T.S. private, and
uttercup from the isle of
Venus.

he Sun Shines, Nellie (20th
ll-town Americana as seen
yes of the local barber. In-
professor" Ben Halper (David
gs his bride Nellie (Jean Pe-
whistle-stop town of Sevillia
and proudly shows her his
dor. From there on, as the
ounds to the strain of the
Nellie runs off to Chicago
hardware-Store Owner Hugh
dies in a train accident;
urns down, and Wayne builds
hair shop with an electric
er pole; 3) brash young Ben-
Tommy Morton) grows up
hardwareman Marlowe's red-
er Eddie (Helene Stanley),
a vaudeville song & dance
with Prohibition mobsters
ed off; 4) the town booms
Wayne's barbershop.

me Wayne is a doddering
n, left with only his memo-
granddaughter, little Nellie,
him of his departed wife. And
aved just about every whisk-
nois—except those on *Wait
shines, Nellie*.

ENTERTAINMENT & CHOICE

Charley's Aunt? Ray Bolger singing
in a gay, Technicolorized edi-
tory's Aunt. (TIME, July 7).
lish movie version of *The-
s Sister Carrie*, with Jenni-
and Laurence Olivier as star-
(TIME, June 30).

of Robin Hood. Flavorful
the old legend, with Richard
e for king, country and fair
(TIME, June 30).

Mike. A sprightly comedy in
rine Hepburn plays a lady
Spencer Tracy a sports pro-
June 16).

son. Spies v. Scotland Yard
British melodrama (TIME,

ic City. Neat little B-budget
about G-men hunting down
(TIME, May 12).

Now Margin. Cops & robbers
rattles along at an exciting
(TIME, May 5).

of the Islands. Joseph Con-
drama of a white man's dis-
n the tropics, strikingly di-
rol (*The Third Man*) Reed;
Howard, Ralph Richardson,
(TIME, April 28).

in the White Suit. Top-grade
edy, with Alec Guinness
14).



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BOOKS

Anchor for the Pacific

JOURNEY TO THE FAR PACIFIC (335 pp.)—Thomas E. Dewey—Doubleday (\$4).

In the summer of 1951, Governor Thomas E. Dewey put aside his chores at Albany and flew off on a rugged (41,000 miles, 17 countries), educative tour of the Far Pacific. His book about the trip, *Journey to the Far Pacific*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is published this week.

For a U.S. politician, it is a unique effort, a lively narrative that is also diligently informative and discerning. As a student of foreign policy, Dewey has enriched his understanding with some impressive firsthand knowledge of a fateful

tent upon the future of Southeast Asia."

Dewey might have learned this (though not so forcefully) at home. But only in Tokyo could he have found out about the Japanese attitude toward electric meters.

U.S. engineers were amazed to discover that there were no meters in Tokyo. The system was for householders to pay a standard sum for a stipulated amount of current. Many householders, as everybody knew, let neighbors tap in, for a profitable though illegal fee. At first, the Americans insisted on meters to stop the malpractice. Japanese officials patiently explained that they could not afford the outlay for meters and meter inspectors. Anyway, they said, inspectors would only make deals with householders and falsify reports, while householders would install meter jumpers and keep on subleasing conquerors.

in the Pacific on the side of freedom . . . Its potential is important for the future and for possible guerrilla action sooner; meanwhile, it holds this invaluable island fortress in our defense structure."

Hong Kong stirs Dewey to some of his most vivid description and some of his sharpest argument. Below the tiered mansions and not far from the solid business buildings of the beautiful British colonial island are the driftwood shacks of incredibly crowded Chinese refugees. "Other Chinese live on sampans, acres of sampans . . . The mixed odors of swarming, insanitary human life hang like a miasma over the whole waterfront and extend deep into the city itself . . ." With British officials, the touring American had a strong difference of opinion: they justified British recognition of Red China as a recognition of the facts of life, however unpleasant. Dewey held stubbornly against shortsighted diplomacy favoring bloody conquerors.

The Philippines, observes Dewey, "is our great example of colonialism in reverse. We can tell [i.e., by effective propaganda] what we did there in every country in the world . . . It struck me very hard that . . . we should set about doing a much better job of selling ourselves and our cause . . ."

Indo-China and Malaya are the points of crisis on Dewey's map of the Far Pacific. The late great Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, who saved Indo-China from imminent engulfment by the Communists, impressed the governor with his global outlook. Dewey also found the Emperor Bao Dai "a very much brighter man than he is generally considered." The touring American hit off best of all with Britain's Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner General for Southeast Asia ("calm, philosophical . . . completely informal and friendly . . . a nature which makes him like people . . ."). In this strife-torn region, Dewey had a close-up look at guerrilla warfare, many talks with native nationalists.

Indonesia, reports Dewey, "exists today as a race between development of the techniques of government on the one hand and the forces of rebellion and disorder on the other. I am betting on the government . . ." President Sukarno and U.S. Ambassador Merle Cochran rate high marks in Dewey's book; both played a wise role in setting the young republic on its unsteady feet.

A Total Treaty. In a few closing paragraphs, Dewey offers a policy to anchor the free world's security in the Pacific: "Within the structure of the United Nations, a total Pacific treaty of mutual defense . . . Wherever we have undertaken treaties assuring collective action in advance, there is no war . . . In the Pacific, we have done only patchwork jobs and that area is racked by . . . wars . . . For the sake of our own freedom, we should take action in the Pacific similar to that which we have taken in the Americas and in Western Europe. There will be many difficulties . . . but peace was never won by timidity or inertia . . ."



TRAVELER DEWEY & MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK
In Hong Kong, two opinions about the facts of life.

region; he has become one of the best-briefed Republicans on world affairs.

With regional and global background always in mind, Dewey outlines the particular situation of each country visited. He faithfully records his talks with and impressions of Emperors, Presidents, Prime Ministers, U.S. ambassadors, and military commanders. But he has, at the same time, a surprising eye for telling quirks of Oriental life, for street scenes and countryside panoramas, for the odd, chatty stuff that might find a place in an intelligent tourist's letters home.

Samples from the governor's notebook: **Japan**, he says, after a survey of the nation's progress in democracy and struggle for trade, is a question mark. "The Japanese . . . have the will to be free; whether they will have the economic strength to survive in freedom depends in large measure upon the wisdom of American policy . . . and to an even greater ex-

tent. "Why go through with all this," they asked, "when we have a perfectly satisfactory way of doing business now?" The Americans gave up.

Dewey's comment: "The American engineers . . . had learned Lesson Number One in foreign affairs: that it is difficult and unwise to try to make the rest of the world over in our image."

Korea, in Dewey's itinerary, is certainly not set down as a "Truman war," the glibbing phrase of isolationist Republicans, although the governor feels that weak U.S. Asiatic policy encouraged the Communist attack. By grasshopper plane, he hopped across the ridge-backed front, talking with U.S. officers and men. He is "deeply convinced" of the rightness of the Korean war: it is the safeguard of all free Asia.

Formosa, in Dewey's opinion, must be held against the Reds. "Whatever its defects, the army on Formosa is the largest

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THE PORTABLE GIBBON: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE [691 pp.] —Edited by Dero A. Saunders—Viking (\$2.50).

Among the stubborn ghosts that stalk the mind of modern literate man are the great books he intends to read some day. High on many such lists—behind *War and Peace*, but well ahead of the *Summa Theologica*—is Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. From now on, procrastinators will have to find fresh excuses: Gibbon has been streamlined. Dero Saunders, one of the editors of *FORTUNE* and an old Gibbon fan, has given *Decline and Fall* a close trim, from 1,400,000 to 200,000 words, without sacrificing it of all meaning.

Editor Saunders' biggest cut was the entire last half of the work (barring a few excerpts), which deals with the Eastern Empire centered in Constantinople. Except for a final chapter, the story now closes where Gibbon once intended to end it, with the fall of the Western Empire. Into the basket, too, went nearly all of Gibbon's footnotes, by actual count almost a quarter of the original history. Wherever Editor Saunders had to snip the narrative line, he spliced it together with summaries. His estimate of the final collaboration: "66% Gibbon and 4% Saunders."

The *Portable Gibbon* preserves what has kept best in Gibbon: his sly wit, his stately prose rhythms, his knack for making the mummies of history sit up on the printed page and kick off their wrappings, and his intoxication with the grandeur of Rome. Not a philosopher of history in the vein of Spengler, Toynbee and Sorokin, but a true son of the Age of Reason. Gibbon blamed Rome's downfall on the "triumph of barbarism and religion." His dim view of Christianity shocked his own and successive generations.

Equally shocking to later expurgators, e.g., Thomas Bowdler, were Gibbon's racy reflections on imperial sex life. Of the Empress Theodora he wrote: "After exhausting the arts of sensual pleasure she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of Nature," adding in a footnote, "She wished for a fourth altar on which she might pour libations to the god of love." No bowdlerizer, Editor Saunders lets Gibbon have his say.

Skeptic from Brazil

EPITAPH OF A SMALL WINNER [223 pp.] —Machado de Assis—Nobodday (\$3.50).

Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis (1839-1908) was a shy, epileptic quadroon and Brazil's greatest man of letters: his collected works fill 31 volumes, and range from drama and epic poetry to novels and short stories. Except for a few of his short stories, nobody had ever bothered to translate Machado into English until William

Spengler, Toynbee and Sorokin respectively blame "civilization," "inherent defects," and "Sensations" (roughly, materialism). Other ideas range from malaria to birth control.



Bettmann Archive

HISTORIAN GIBBON
The empress murmured.

L. Grossman, a New York University economics professor, ran across his writings during a 1948 teaching stint in Brazil. Grossman became so fascinated that he spent all his holidays translating one of Machado's best novels, *Epitaph of a Small Winner*. U.S. readers who share Translator Grossman's enthusiasm for ironic wit and pessimism can enjoy an unusual book that now & then resembles Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and Voltaire's *Candide*.

Human Editions. The hero of *Epitaph* is a ghost named Braz Cubas, and the book is written in the form of his memoirs. He begins, as a ghost should, with his own funeral. Only eleven people show up, but he receives a handsome eulogy. Braz observes to himself that the government



NOVELIST MACHADO DE ASSIS
"Man is a thinking erratum."

bonds he willed the speaker have undoubtedly oiled his tongue. How truly famous he might have been, he reflects, if he had ever completed his great cure-all—the Braz Cubas "anti-melancholy" plaster—to relieve the despondency of mankind.

As Braz plays back the record of his life, it becomes a melody of might-have-beens. Wellborn and well-to-do, he is fleeced at 17 by a well-built gold digger: "Marcella loved me for 15 months and eleven contos (\$5,500); nothing less." Nonetheless, he graduates from college "with complete faith in dark eyes and written constitutions." He becomes engaged to Virgilia, a girl with a "mouth fresh as dawn and insatiable as death," but she jilts him for a politician. He survives the experience, and uses it to sharpen the Braz Cubas philosophy of life, also known as the Theory of Human Editions: "Let Pascal say that man is a thinking reed. He is wrong; man is a thinking *erratum*. Each period in life is a new edition that corrects the preceding one and that, in turn, will be corrected by the next, until publication of the definitive edition, which the publisher donates to the worms."

A Ghost's Summary. In some of Braz's editions he is successively 1) a bachelor recluse, 2) Virgilia's lover, 3) a national deputy who loses his seat with a speech advocating smaller caps for the National Guard, and 4) editor of a newspaper that lasts only six months.

Braz rambles a good bit. He often seems more interested in chewing his philosophical cud than in telling his story. He will drop everything else for an epigram. Samples: "We kill time; time buries us." "One endures with patience the pain in the other fellow's stomach." From his ghost world, he sums up his life on earth as a zero. He has one satisfaction: "I had no progeny, I transmitted to no one the legacy of our misery." That, Braz figures, makes him a "small winner."

RECENT & READABLE

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl. How eight Jews escaped the Gestapo for two years by hiding in an Amsterdam office building; recorded in the memorable journal of a teen-age girl (TIME, June 16).

The Thurber Album. Back through the turns of time with James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A cheerfully anecdotal biography (TIME, June 2).

Witness. The testament of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).

The Time of the Assassins, by Godfrey Blunden. A tale of two fanaticisms—SS and NKVD—in the Ukrainian city of Kharov (TIME, May 19).

The Golden Hand, by Edith Simon. Life & death in a fictional English village of the 14th century (TIME, April 28).

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison. A rousing good first novel about the coming of age of a Negro boy (TIME, April 14).

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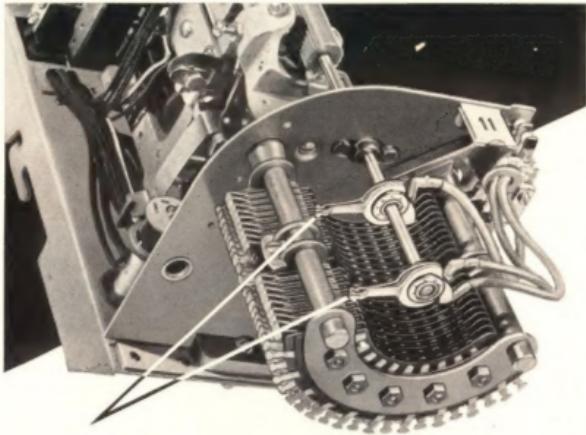
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MISCELLANY

Speaking Frankly. In Sydney, Australia, delayed by local floods, Lecturer Robert Stevens was forced to cancel a talk before the University of Sydney's geological society entitled: "Why Is a Geologist Interested in Water?"

O Pioneers! In Tucson, Ariz., the city council voted to abolish two old ordinances requiring 1) city prisoners on public works to be shackled with ball & chain, and 2) churches to maintain convenient cupidos.

The Fine Print. In Morehead City, N.C., three months after the Chamber of Commerce issued a booklet claiming that the temperature never reaches more than 97° there, the mercury hit 107°.

Red Letter Day. In Hackensack, N.J., Anthony Adamo, 32, hotly denied his wife's charges that he had mistreated her, told the judge: "I never laid a hand on my wife since I broke her arm on Jan. 5, 1950."

Cool Profit. In Levittown, N.Y., nine-year-old Russell Green stocked up his family's home freezer last winter, waited until the temperature reached 96° to advertise: "For Sale: Genuine Snowballs—15¢."

Blue Urge. In San Antonio, after he was arrested trying to steal a police launch on the San Antonio River, George R. Perry, 19, explained: "I want to be a cop."

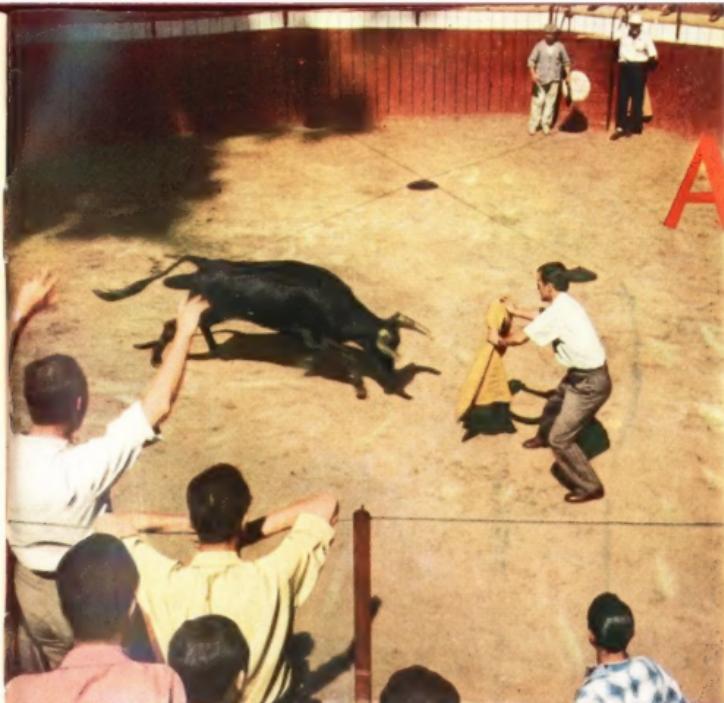
Free Lesson. In Lawrenceburg, Ky., Prisoner Gordon Searcy escaped from Anderson County jail promising, in a note he left the jailer, to "show you how when I come back."

Dual Controls. In Green Bay, Wis., after investigating an automobile accident, Patrolmen Milo Kerin and Donald La Combe reported the driver's explanation: "One passenger said turn left, another go straight. Tried both."

Postal Regulations. In Ottawa, Canadian army brass issued an order prohibiting soldiers overseas from mailing to friends at home: "motor vehicles, airplanes, motorcycles, surgical and dental instruments and machine tools."

Early Birds. In Bourg-Saint-Andéol, France, Mayor Pierre Tiéri sternly advised local fishermen that theirs was "an agreeable pastime, but you are absolutely forbidden to tear up paving in the streets in order to search for worms."

Woman's Intuition. In Somersworth, N.H., Mrs. Boardman Wright Jr. dozed off during a motor trip, dreamed that she was involved in a crash, escaped injury after she awoke with a start, grabbed the wheel from her husband, causing their car to overturn.



Bullfighting's Amateur Hour gave me some bad moments

1 "Any man can fight a bull in Lisbon's *Praca de Touros*—even an American tourist if he's got nerve. But all it took was a bout with a small lasso to scare the daylights out of me," writes Joel Huber, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Though his horns are padded with leather, a snorting Portuguese Ferdinand can discourage any beginner. There were six of us amateur *Toureiros* in the ring, but the bull singled me out for his first charge . . .



2 "I took to my heels when the bull ignored my cape-waving. Safe behind the *barreira*, I watched as my fellow greenhorns eluded the bull . . . or fled in retreat. Finally, only my host Jorge remained . . .

3 "I forgot my fears when I saw Jorge close in for the *Moco Forcado*. Again and again he'd drawn the bull past him, letting the beat brush close each time. Now he'd grabbed the bull's horns and was trying to throw him. But the bull had other ideas. I got there just in time . . .

5 "Lisbon is only 14 hours from New York by Pan American World Airways Clipper, and here, as everywhere I visit, Canadian Club is a favorite."

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4 "Nice recovery," Jorge said afterward. "You saved me a real bruising." We were celebrating at the Alvalade Terrace—with Canadian Club!

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